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COUNTRY LIFE

JAN 1 1939

VOL. LXXXIV. No. 52
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper
Canadian Magazine Post

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31st, 1938.

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Advertisements for this column are accepted at the rate of 2d. per word prepaid (if Box Number used 6d. extra), and must reach this office not later than Friday morning for the coming week's issue.

All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "COUNTRY LIFE," Southampton Street, Strand, London.

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(continued.)

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W. H. BAINES,
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VOL. LXXXIV. No. 2189.

Printed in England.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
New York, U.S.A. Post Office.

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(KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY's advertisements continued on page iii.)



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The subject of a special article in "Country Life."

NEAR THE COTSWOLDS

Amidst some of England's most delightful rural scenery

INTERESTING OLD STONE-BUILT MANOR HOUSE

With many panelled rooms. 4 reception, 10 bedrooms, etc.

Main electricity and water. Usual outbuildings.

FARM BUILDINGS.

COTTAGES.

400 ACRES

The house would be sold with a smaller area.

Privately Available.

Agents, OSBORN & MERCER. (16,930.)

OXON—500ft. up on the Chilterns on gravel soil, with South aspect. For Sale

Delightful "Cottage Style" Residence

of most attractive appearance, in pleasant gardens, 3 oak-beamed reception, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Electric light. Main water. Central heating. Hard Tennis Court.

COTTAGE. 6 ACRES. (16,726.)

A Gem of Jacobean Architecture in Wiltshire

with panelling, Grinling Gibbons decorations, etc. and carefully modernised with electricity and central heating. 4 reception, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms

Charming Gardens. 2 Cottages.

Of special appeal to the discerning buyer, who, while requiring only a small establishment, seeks a property of distinction.

(16,058.)

For Sale at an attractive price.

DORSET

A COMPACT, WELL-WOODED ESTATE OF 1,000 ACRES



with

Charming Old Manor House

of medium size.

The Agricultural Lands are let at an average rental of £1 per acre.

The Estate affords excellent shooting and there is a
USEFUL STRETCH OF TROUT FISHING

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Telephone No.:
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(ESTABLISHED 1778)

25, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

And at
Hobart Place, Eaton Sq.,
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SUSSEX—HANTS BORDERS

SLIGHTLY OVER THE HOUR'S RUN BY ELECTRIC RAIL SERVICE.



FOR SALE.
with about
140 (or more) ACRES
this very perfectly
appointed
RESIDENCE,
over 400ft. above the
sea, with a southerly
view of great beauty.
14 bed and dressing
rooms, 5 bathrooms,
4 reception and bil-
liards or dance room,
admirable domestic
offices.

Every amenity, includ-
ing central heating.

GOOD STABLING, GARAGES; LODGE, COTTAGES; LAKE of 5 ACRES and
GROUNDS of much charm, the remainder, the HOME FARM, with model farmery.

Up to a further 500 acres can be purchased if required.

Agents: GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W. 1. (D. 2359.)

BUCKS. 6 MILES AYLESBURY

UNSPOILED DISTRICT: NEAR MAIN LINE STATION.



**GEORGIAN
RESIDENCE**
recently redecorated,
containing 10 bed,
2 bath, lounge hall,
4 reception rooms;
Main electric light
and drainage.
Main water expected
shortly.
Garage, cottage, etc.
**WALLED
GARDENS**
with clipped yews;
kitchen garden,
vineyard, etc.; about

2 ACRES (More available).

TO BE SOLD OR LET FURNISHED

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UNINTERRUPTED VIEWS TO THE MALVERN HILLS: EASILY ACCESSIBLE
TO LONDON AND THE MIDLANDS.

Excellent designed
RESIDENCE

erected 3 years ago,
in keeping with original
Cotswold style,
yet on up-to-date
lines, every advantage
has been taken of the
magnificent position.

5 bedrooms, 3 bath-
rooms, 3 reception
rooms.

Main electricity and
water, central heating,
modern drainage.

GARAGE.

WELL LAID-OUT GARDENS.

PASTURE.

9 ACRES

With long frontage to river, where FISHING, BOATING and BATHING may be
enjoyed. REASONABLE PRICE FOR QUICK SALE.

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ABSOLUTELY PRIVATE, WITH LOVELY VIEWS OVER UNSPOILT
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Charming modern
**COUNTRY
HOUSE.**

built in the old Essex
Manor House style of
brick with charac-
teristic plastering.

5 bedrooms, bathroom,
3 reception rooms.

Main water, electric
light, modern drainage

Garages and other
outbuildings.



DELIGHTFUL GARDEN, WITH TENNIS LAWN, ORCHARD AND PADDOCKS.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH 4 ACRES

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NEAR STOWE SCHOOL

Buckingham, Bletchley, etc., a few miles.

ATTRACTIVE ESTATE IN A RING FENCE.

High Ground. Extensive Views. Gravel and sand.
Away from main road.

200 ACRES

(Well-placed Coverts and Pasture).

HOME FARM. HUNTER STABLING.

LODGES. COTTAGES.

RESIDENCE IN IDEAL SETTING.

4 reception, billiard or dance room, 20 bed and dressing
rooms, 7 bathrooms, fine offices.

Central heating, electricity, etc.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE

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SEVENOAKS, NEAR OVERLOOKING WILDERNESSE GOLF COURSE.



High up. Beautiful Views.

GEORGIAN HOUSE

Hall, 3 reception rooms (one 60ft. by 22ft.), 12 principal and
guest rooms, 7 bathrooms, staff rooms, servants' hall, etc.
Garages, lodge, cottage. Main services, central heating, etc.
TERRACED GROUNDS, lily pools, stream, tennis lawn,
woodlands.

25 ACRES

FREEHOLD

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BERKSHIRE

Near outskirts of Old World Village.

GEORGIAN HOUSE

3 RECEPTION ROOMS (one panelled),

8 BEDROOMS (h. and c. water),

BATHROOM, SERVANTS' HALL, USUAL OFFICES.

Central heating.

GARAGE, OUTBUILDINGS, Etc.

LOVELY GARDEN.

3 ACRES

PADDOCK, Etc.

COTTAGE LET AT £30 p.a.

PRICE £3,400,

Or without Cottage £2,900

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Close to the famous resort of FORT MYERS, on the GULF OF MEXICO.

UNRIVALED SPORTING FACILITIES

YACHTING, DEEP SEA FISHING, SURF BATHING, GOLF, ETC.

Unlimited sunshine.

Tropical vegetation.

ENGLISHMAN'S LUXURY HOME

(Quite small).

TOGETHER WITH GUEST HOUSE, BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED AND
EQUIPPED, WITH DELIGHTFUL TROPICAL GARDENS AND

PRIVATE YACHT ANCHORAGE.

Series of photographs available. Owner in England for interviews.

FOR SALE FURNISHED AT QUARTER OF COST
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To be let with or without the Shooting

STANWAY

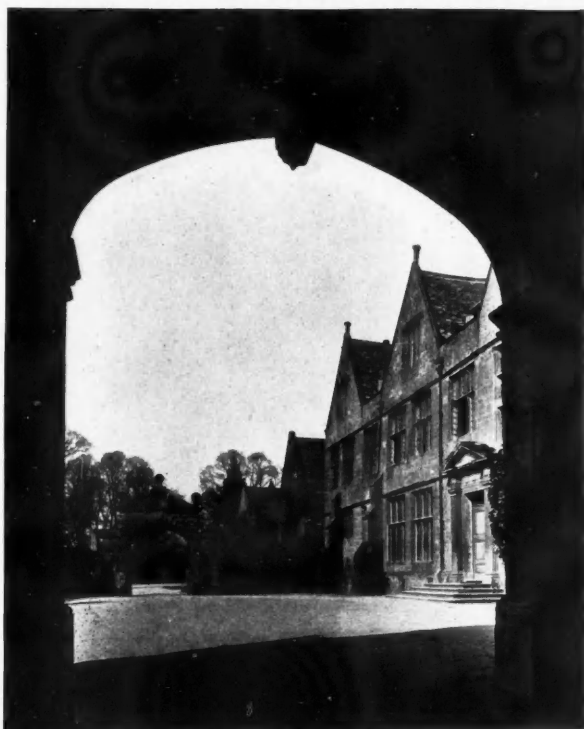
THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE SEAT OF THE EARL OF WEMYSS AND MARCH

One of the finest examples of an Elizabethan Mansion

SET IN BEAUTIFUL SURROUNDINGS ALMOST EQUIDISTANT FROM EVESHAM AND CHELTENHAM

SUITE OF RECEPTION ROOMS
WITH DRAWING ROOM
OLD LIBRARY
DINING ROOM
BOUDOIR
TEA ROOM

DOMESTIC OFFICES WITH
HOUSEKEEPER'S ROOM
SERVANTS' HALL



12 PRINCIPAL BED AND
DRESSING ROOMS
5 BATHROOMS

ADEQUATE ACCOMMODATION
FOR SERVANTS

DAY AND NIGHT NURSERIES
CENTRAL HEATING AND
COMPANY'S ELECTRICITY

GARAGES.

5 COTTAGES AND 2 FLATS.

STABLING.

Beautiful Gardens and Grounds fully in keeping with the character of the Magnificent Residence.



Shooting over the estate extending to about 6,000 acres can be had after January 1940

TO BE LET FOR A TERM OF YEARS FURNISHED

HUNTING WITH THREE PACKS

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WANTED TO PURCHASE BY CLIENTS OF WILSON & CO.

WANTED

TO PURCHASE in Bucks, Herts or Oxon, with good train service to Town. A Genuine PERIOD HOUSE is essential, with 6 to 9 bedrooms and about 5 to 25 ACRES.

UP TO £6,000 WOULD BE PAID.

and any suitable Property will be inspected at once.

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£20,000 WILL BE PAID for a really CHOICE PLACE on the South side of London—Surrey, Sussex, Kent or Hants, within 45 miles; high position, with good views, essential; 14 bedrooms, 4 large reception rooms, 4 cottages, farmery. Gardens with good trees and pasture of 50 ACRES.

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WANTED

IN WILTSHIRE OR SOMERSET.—A SPORTING ESTATE of from 500 to 1,000 Acres. Must be in a good social district. Stone-built House preferred, about 15 bedrooms, ample bathrooms. Must be thoroughly up to date. Hunting and Shooting essential; Fishing an added attraction. Purchaser must make immediate decision, but early possession not necessary.

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PERFECT SUSSEX SCENERY

Near Haywards Heath. Easy reach of the coast.



ORIGINAL QUEEN ANNE HOUSE
SET WITHIN LOVELY GROUNDS OF 10 ACRES.

A MOST DELIGHTFUL PLACE

WITH PERIOD FEATURES.

13 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, lounge and 3 reception rooms.
Garage, stabling, cottage.

WOULD BE LET.

The Gardens are a special feature

Agents, WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

LOVELY PART OF SURREY SOUTH OF GODALMING



CHARMING ELIZABETHAN HOUSE

Beautifully situate in its own small Estate of

40 ACRES

Pastures and woodlands; glorious views.

9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, hall, 3 reception rooms.
Main water and electricity. Garages for several cars, 3 cottages.

OLD WORLD GARDENS OF RARE CHARM.

FOR SALE

Agents, WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

65 MINUTES NORTH OF LONDON



A BEAUTIFUL REPLICA OF THE XVth CENTURY

10 bedrooms. 4 bathrooms. 3 reception rooms.

Stabling.

Garage.

Squash court.

Cottage.

WOOD AND PASTURELAND, extending to 60 ACRES.

FOR SALE

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CONSTABLE & MAUDE

COUNTRY PROPERTIES. TOWN HOUSES AND FLATS. INVESTMENTS.

2, MOUNT STREET, LONDON, W.1 (And at Shrewsbury)

**THE CHEAPEST HOUSE IN SURREY.
£2,500 WALTON HEATH LINKS**

1½ miles from Tadworth Station, near the Club House and 550ft. above sea level.



THIS ATTRACTIVE MODERN FREEHOLD RESIDENCE

Has a drive approach, and contains: Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, loggia, 7 bedrooms, bathroom and usual offices.

All company's services. Main drainage. GARAGE.

Beautiful Gardens with fine trees and flowering shrubs. Tennis and other lawns.
Rose, flower, fruit and vegetable gardens.

ABOUT 1 ACRE

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ONLY £9,750 WITH 336 ACRES

Magnificent position. 12 miles from Bude.

AN IMPORTANT SPORTING AND RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY.



AN IMPOSING RESIDENCE DATING FROM 16th CENTURY

3 reception rooms, banqueting hall with minstrels' gallery, billiards room, 12 principal, 4 secondary and 4 servants' bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Electric light. Central heating. Ample water. Septic tank drainage.

Lodge. 5 Cottages. Garages. Stabling. Flat.

OGBEARE FARM with capital House and ample Buildings.

Finely timbered Grounds with trout lake and woodlands. VALUED AT £3,000.

WOULD SELL WITH 111 ACRES, VACANT POSSESSION

Sole Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

CONSTABLE'S COUNTRY, NEAR COLCHESTER.
DELIGHTFUL JACOBAN RESIDENCE:
3 reception, 6 bed, 2 bathrooms; central heating, electric light, etc.; charming gardens; outbuildings; bungalow and 67 ACRES, with stream. Sacrifice £2,500 Freehold. Early possession. Illustrated particulars.—WOODCOCK & SON, Ipswich.

A HOUSE IN A WOOD

Compact and easily-run, with large rooms.

WEYBRIDGE (about 1 mile 2 main line stations; Waterloo 25/30 mins.).—ARTIST'S GEORGIAN-STYLE HOUSE, built for and for many years in the occupation of Sir Charles Holroyd. 2 very fine reception rooms, maid's sitting room, 6 bedrooms (1 formerly the studio), 2 bathrooms; all modern conveniences: central heating; garage and stabling. Delightful grounds, tennis lawn, vegetable garden, beautiful natural woodland 2¼ Acres. Rent £180 p.a. only. Immediate possession. Apply EWBANK & Co., Weybridge. (Tel.: 62).

FURNISHED HOUSE TO LET

TO BE LET FURNISHED.
COMPACT MODERN HOUSE
IN AN ACRE OF BEAUTIFUL GARDEN.

WELWYN NORTH (HERTS)

6 BEDROOMS, 2 RECEPTION, LOUNGE HALL, SUN PARLOUR.

TENNIS COURT.

GARAGE (2 cars).

Secluded position.

All main services.

6 GUINEAS WEEKLY.

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IN OPEN COUNTRY COMMANDING SPLENDID VIEWS OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

A CHARMING COUNTRY PROPERTY, with mellowed brick elevation, partly tile hung, standing in 5 acres of gardens and paddock, completely secluded, yet only 200yds. from a main road. The site is one of the oldest in Sussex, dating back to 1090. The present house was built 100 years ago. Accommodation comprises: Large hall with red-tiled floor, 6 bedrooms and dressing rooms, boxroom, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, conservatory and domestic offices; 2 garages and large outbuildings.

MAIN ELECTRIC LIGHT AND WATER.

FOR SALE.

PRICE £3,300 OR OFFER.

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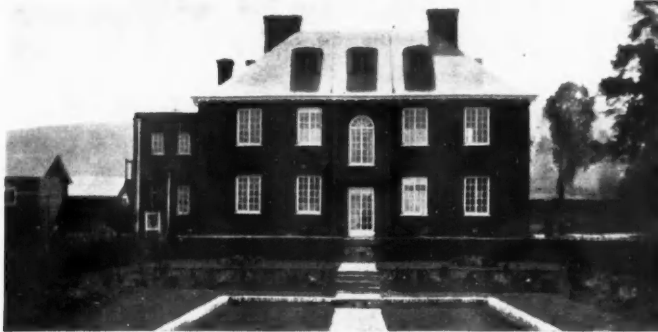
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CLOSE TO THE PARK AND
FACING SOUTH.
OVERLOOKING THE BRISTOL
CHANNEL.

**MODERN QUEEN ANNE
STYLE RESIDENCE**

3 RECEPTION ROOMS.
8 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS.
3 BATHROOMS.



MAIN LIGHT,
WATER AND DRAINAGE.

STABLE YARD AND 4 GOOD BOXES
AND GROOM'S ROOMS.

1½ ACRES.
More if required

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WIMBLEDON COMMON

A COUNTRY HOUSE A FEW MILES FROM LONDON

MELLOWED RED BRICK
**GEORGIAN
RESIDENCE**

IN EXCELLENT REPAIR.

*Perfectly appointed in exquisite
taste in keeping with the period.*

THE HOUSE HAS MANY ORIGINAL
FEATURES
and contains

4 RECEPTION ROOMS.
10 BEDROOMS.
4 BATHROOMS.



MAIN SERVICES AND
CENTRAL HEATING

LOVELY BRICK WALLED OLD
WORLD GARDEN.

with some magnificent specimen trees.
SEPARATE WALLED KITCHEN
GARDEN.

GARAGE AND FLAT OVER.

ABOUT 2 ACRES
FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Inspected and recommended by JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. (22,037.)

SURREY-SUSSEX BORDER

ABOUT 25 MILES FROM TOWN.

THE ATTRACTIVE
**MODERN HOUSE IN THE
"SUSSEX STYLE"**

containing :

HALL.

3 RECEPTION ROOMS.

8 BEDROOMS.

3 BATHROOMS.

GARAGES.

STABLING.



CHARMING GARDENS.

HARD TENNIS COURT.

MAIN WATER AND
ELECTRICITY.

COTTAGE

with

PASTURE AND WOODLAND.

In all

ABOUT 50 ACRES

TO BE SOLD FREEHOLD AT A VERY REASONABLE PRICE

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STOKE POGES GOLF COURSE

ADJOINING AND OVERLOOKING

Within half an hour of Paddington.

A PERFECT HOUSE IN A PERFECT SETTING

a new house of architectural distinction
built to an expensive specification by a
well-known contractor. Facing due South
with lovely views across the Golf Course,
to which there is a private gate from the
Garden.

Hall (15ft. by 12ft.), living room (19ft. by
13ft. 6in.), dining room, sun room, all
communicating and facing South, and
study; beautifully equipped domestic
offices with built-in fittings; servants'
sitting room, principal suite of bedroom
and bathroom, 4 other bedrooms and
second bathroom.



*All main services and central heating
throughout.*

*Solid oak floors, staircase and window
frames, etc.*

2-CAR GARAGE.

The House stands in a made garden of

OVER AN ACRE

designed by an eminent firm of Landscape
Architects.

TO BE SOLD FREEHOLD
WITH IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.

Strongly recommended by JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1.

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DORSET

1½ miles from a good market town. 7 miles from Bournemouth. In very pleasant surroundings. Away from noise of main road traffic.

BUILT UNDER OWNERS' DESIGN AND HAVING EVERY MODERN CONVENIENCE AND LABOUR-SAVING DEVICE.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

this perfectly appointed MODERN RESIDENCE, designed so that it can be run with a minimum amount of labour and staff.

6 BEDROOMS, DRESSING ROOM,
2 WHITE-TILED BATHROOMS,
2 SITTING ROOMS, DINING ROOM,
SERVANTS' SITTING ROOM,
GOOD DOMESTIC OFFICES.



Company's electric light.
"Aga" cooker.
Central heating throughout.
All fittings are of the best quality.

DOUBLE GARAGE (with washdown),
Smaller Garage.

THE GROUNDS

are inexpensive to maintain, and include herbaceous borders, terraces, small kitchen garden. The greater portion of the land is left in its natural wooded state. The whole extends to an area of about

5 ACRES

Full particulars and price can be obtained of the Sole Agents, FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth, who have inspected the property and can recommend it to possible purchasers.

ONE OF THE MOST ATTRACTIVE HOUSES OF CHARACTER IN THE DISTRICT.

SOMERSET

Situate just outside an important Town. In a good Sporting and Social neighbourhood.
BLACKMORE VALE HUNT.

TO BE SOLD



This Very Delightful
TUDOR RESIDENCE

built in 1580, and recently entirely modernised by the present owner for his own occupation at considerable cost. The whole is now in perfect condition and contains:

10 bedrooms, dressing room, 3 bathrooms,
large lounge (about 40ft. long), dining room,
study, servants' sitting room, complete
domestic offices,
2 LARGE GARAGES, STABLING,
2 EXCELLENT COTTAGES.

All public services.

THE GARDENS AND GROUNDS are a special feature of the property, and have been carefully laid-out and maintained. The whole extends to an Area of about

2 ACRES

Price and particulars of FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

BEAUTIFUL NEW FOREST

Charmingly situated in this favourite part of Hampshire, about 4 miles from the Coast. Easy distance of good yachting centre.

TO BE SOLD

A DELIGHTFUL SMALL FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL ESTATE

WITH A MOST DESIRABLE HOUSE, APPROACHED BY A LONG DRIVE WITH PADDOCKS ON EITHER SIDE.



NINE PRINCIPAL AND SECONDARY
BEDROOMS.

DRESSING ROOM, 2 BATHROOMS,
LOUNGE HALL, 3 RECEPTION ROOMS,
MAIDS' SITTING ROOM,
EXCELLENT DOMESTIC OFFICES.

Central heating. Main electric lighting.

GARAGE AND CHAUFFEUR'S ROOMS.

THE GARDENS AND GROUNDS comprise partly walled-in kitchen garden, tennis lawn, shrubbery and paddocks; the whole extending to an area of about

20 ACRES

Particulars may be obtained of FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

**BEAUTIFUL NEW FOREST**

Within a short distance of the Coast and about 4 miles from an excellent yachting centre. 2 miles from a popular golf course.

TO BE SOLD

THIS PICTURESQUE THATCHED SMALL
RESIDENCE

recently renovated at considerable cost to owner.

4 BEDROOMS, 2 FITTED BATHROOMS,
LARGE HALL,
DRAWING ROOM (with cocktail bar),
DINING ROOM AND STUDY,
EXCELLENT DOMESTIC OFFICES.

LARGE GARAGE.

Companies' electric light, gas and water.

THE GARDEN is attractively laid out with lawns, herbaceous borders and small orchard, the whole comprising an area of about

¾ ACRE

Personally inspected and recommended by FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth, from whom particulars can be obtained.

DORSET

IN THE CENTRE OF THE PORTMAN HUNT. AMIDST DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY SURROUNDINGS.

4 miles from Sturminster Newton. 5½ miles from Blandford. Commanding excellent views over open unspoilt country.

TO BE SOLD FREEHOLD

this very delightful and well-equipped COUNTRY RESIDENCE approached by long gravel drive and guarded by Entrance Lodge.

9 principal bedrooms, 6 staff bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, excellent domestic offices, game larder, servants' hall.

"Aga" Cooker, Company's water, Main electric-light cable passes entrance to property.

GARAGE for 2 cars. STABLING, Groom's Cottage, Pair of good cottages, 3 heated glasshouses.

The perfectly delightful Gardens and Grounds are well maintained and include wide-spreading lawns, terraces, rose pergolas, rose gardens, herbaceous borders.



Water garden with lily pond, walled kitchen garden, small paddock. The whole comprising an Area of about

9 ACRES

For particulars and price apply to FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth, who have inspected and can strongly recommend the property.

FOX & SONS, BOURNEMOUTH (TEN OFFICES); AND SOUTHAMPTON

ESTATE HARRODS OFFICES

Kens. 1490. Telegrams: "Estate, Harrods, London."

SYLVAN MOUNT, WOLDINGHAM, SURREY

c.13.

Beautiful situation, about 700ft. above sea-level. Commanding fine views. Woldingham Station about 1 mile. London about 17 miles. First-class golfing facilities.

DESIRABLE FREEHOLD MODERN RESIDENCE

Spacious hall, imposing lounge or music room, 3 reception, 10 bed and dressing, 3 well-fitted bathrooms, offices.

Co.'s water. Own electric light, Co.'s electricity available. Modern sanitation. Central heating. Constant hot water.

GARAGE (2) WITH FLAT OVER. LOOSE BOX.

COTTAGE. SMALL FARMERY.

UNDULATING GROUNDS.

Paddock. Plantations.

ABOUT 6 ACRES



For SALE privately, or AUCTION, JANUARY 17TH, 1939. Auctioneers, HARRODS, LTD., 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

BETWEEN TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND RYE

c.19.

Glorious Outlook over Lovely Park and Undulating Country.

DELIGHTFUL, WELL-APPOINTED COTTAGE-STYLE RESIDENCE

with Drive Approach.

Lounge hall, 3 reception, 3 or 4 bedrooms and attic bedroom, bathroom.

Central heating, 3 fitted basins, Co.'s electric light and power, gas and water.

BRICK-BUILT GARAGE.

Useful Building used as extra bedroom.

VERY ATTRACTIVE GARDENS.

Fine lawns, kitchen garden, tennis court, rough grass-land.

ABOUT 2 ACRES

FREEHOLD £2,700

OR WOULD BE SOLD WITH LESS LAND.



Inspected and specially recommended by HARRODS, LTD., 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

UNSPOILT SURREY

c.9.

Commanding rural views, on outskirts of old-world Village, 20 miles from London.

SECLUDED COUNTRY HOUSE

Two floors only. High up.

Just redecorated.

3 RECEPTION.

7 BED.

2 BATH.

Electric light and power.

Co.'s gas and water.



GARAGE (2 cars).

CHAUFFEUR'S FLAT.

INEXPENSIVE GARDEN.

with full-sized tennis court, fine rockery, several matured trees, shrubs, etc.; in all

ABOUT 1 1/4 ACRES

FREEHOLD £2,950

Inspected and highly recommended by the Sole Agents: HARRODS, LTD., 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

MAGNIFICENT POSITION. ON THE NORTH DOWNS

c.53.

Over 600ft. up, within easy reach of Maidstone and only 37 miles from London.

WELL-BUILT MODERN RESIDENCE

with very fine oak panelling, 4 reception, 10 bed, 3 bath.

Electric light. Good water and drainage. Central heating throughout.

GARAGES. LODGE. STABLING.

Other good Outbuildings.

6 ACRES

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FACTS ABOUT PARTRIDGES

THE conditions under which partridges thrive best are in a year of high sunshine, a relatively dry summer free from heavy thunderstorms or persistent rain with cold winds, and, above all, with what one might call an equable distribution of rain. Unfortunately, the rainfall index of a year is no guide to how the rain fell, and if we use simply annual totals we get misleading figures.

This year, 1938, has been an instance. An exceptionally mild and open winter was succeeded by a sharp spell of severe frost which destroyed the prospects of fruit growers in many counties. The frost affected both grouse and pheasants, but was over before partridges had come into lay. This was followed by a steadily persistent spring drought, broken in some favoured areas by beneficent storms; but in many places no real rain fell from May until September. Garden produce was scant and poor, and corn, though good in the ear, was on the shortest straw seen for many years.

One of the most noticeable minor factors was a remarkable absence of insect life. There were very few wasps' nests, and I do not think that I bought a tin of insecticide spray during the year. One's car radiator and wind screens, usually a very fair index of insect life, were curiously clean; but nevertheless there were enough insects for the house martins to raise their two families. On the other hand, I did not find snipe and woodcock in their usual places. The ground was baked too hard for worm-eating birds.

The partridge has long been believed to be a bird whose diet was 60 per cent. insects. But research carried out in the last few years by the Bureau of Animal Population, Oxford University, did not confirm this. They came out with a most careful analysis which disproved the existing beliefs so far as adult partridges were concerned. Now it is not very easy to get any substantial amount of dead partridges in the rearing season. Occasionally an adult bird is picked up dead—and "wasted"; often birds sitting in grass are killed by a mower; but in the normal way one has very few partridges of any age brought in for dissection and report. In my experience partridge crops had yielded very low percentages of insect matter. It might be that sick birds did not move far and ate conveniently rather than selectively; but even shot birds, healthy as can be, show, if you examine their crops, a remarkably small proportion of insects.

For some time investigation has been proceeding concerning the food of partridge chicks, and sixty-nine have been gone over by Miss Heien Chitty, Mr. A. D. Middleton and Mr. John Ford, all of Oxford University. The result is interesting. It shows

that for the first two weeks after hatching the food is predominantly insects, mostly the common insect population of grass, clover and lucerne fields. In the third week a change occurs, and from three weeks onwards the food is almost entirely vegetable.

The third week's diet is very largely ants and their pupæ, a point which confirms the wisdom of keepers in opening ant-heaps for the birds, for they are a food taken greedily by adult as well as chick partridges.

It is, however, now quite clear that from the hatching time partridge diet is 90 per cent. vegetarian for all ages of bird over three weeks.

In a year of low but equable rainfall fresh young growth is available. In a year of long drought there is a very definite shortage, but it is possible that there is a natural compensation. If fresh, succulent vegetation is limited, there will be an early seed harvest of weed seeds. In this probably lies the clue to the essential "accessory food factors." Yet experience would suggest that in these drought years birds do not do well.

Whether the French partridge is markedly different in matters of food from the common partridge is still unknown. The French birds are, as a rule, remarkably healthy, and I have never heard of an epizootic among them. In Africa and in Spain they have been found to contain various parasitic worms uncommon in the English partridge; but these are matters of biological rather than practical interest. In two hundred and fifty odd years of English climatic variation the despised Frenchman has survived and is by no means a bad bird. But we know very little about him from a modern up-to-date standpoint. They are very unevenly distributed, and in some years seem plentiful, then seem to become scarce for a time. I, being particularly anxious to look at a few crops, have, by some malign fate, only shot one "Frenchman" this year.

This very clear analysis of the natural food elements of partridges is of considerable practical importance. The hand rearing of partridge chicks has always been possible but seldom very satisfactory. Even the complex conditions for establishing satisfactory mating by a monogamous bird can be overcome; but rearing difficulties, largely dietary, led to most experiments being given up as wholly non-economic. With real knowledge of food requirements, it is not beyond hope that partridge rearing may be considerably simplified and some successful system achieved.

Mr. Middleton and his colleagues deserve the thanks of all interested in bird life as a science and all who wish to know more about game birds. The full reprint of their paper can be obtained from the Cambridge University Press. H. B. C. P.

NOTES FOR A NEW YEAR

AMONG the many calendars which, for their prettiness or usefulness, attract us in the shops at this time of the year, the little red frame that distinguishes the "At-a-Glance" Calendars is welcomed as the acme of common sense. These calendars, at many prices, all very clearly printed and nicely got up, have a transparent strip across them which can be moved from column to column of dates, and on the strip a small red frame which travels up and down it, and can thus always surround the figure for the day. No one using an "At-a-Glance" searches to and fro over the calendar for the day's date: it is seen inside its little red frame—at a glance.

FOR WELL DRESSED WOMEN

The woman who would like to be well dressed at small expense should make a note of the fact that on January 2nd the sale begins at Messrs. Alfred Day's, Limited, of 20, Parkway, Regent's Park, N.W.1—a thoroughfare very conveniently close to Camden Town and known until recently as Park Street. This old and well known firm always offers extraordinarily good value to its customers, and the reductions of sale time make the bargains to be obtained at their shop quite remarkable. Top coats, coats and skirts, dresses, and three-piece suits are all marked down to figures well below the ordinary present prices. Not only are ready-to-wear garments greatly reduced in price, but on all made-to-order clothes there is a special ten per cent. discount. Messrs. Day have a very good self-measurement form, and are so confident of fitting their customers perfectly that those who order by post are invited to do so on condition that if they are not satisfied their money will be returned. A sale catalogue is also issued for the convenience of country customers.

FADELESS, SHRUNK AND WASHABLE

When the question of furnishing fabrics is being debated, how often one has turned away sadly from most tempting designs because the shop-assistant was unable to give any assurance as to whether they would fade in sunshine or shrink or run in washing. "Blue," one used to murmur, "not a very safe colour and yet so suitable to a sunny room," and generally one compromised on beige or cream, playing for safety and losing effect. None of these tiresome restrictions need hamper the woman who asks for the new "Sunlover" spun rayons, which are to be obtained at all the best shops. The colours of these lovely fabrics are guaranteed fast to washing and to sunlight: in fact, if they did fade the manufacturers would replace them. They wash perfectly and are all "Sanforized-Shrunk" to exact limits, which means that no further shrinking can ever occur. They are woven from Courtauld's famous "Fibro" spun rayon and carry Courtauld's "Tested Quality" mark, which is only granted after each pattern and colour has been subjected to rigorous tests. They drape most beautifully, are soft and easy to handle, and yet rich and lustrous; indeed, it is difficult to over-praise them. Then the designs: the choice among them is very wide, ranging from conventional patterns to lovely natural flower designs, from small dotted effects sprinkled on a light ground and charming little

wreaths to others that nearly cover the material. It is very difficult to imagine a room where a light material was needed which could not find just its ideal completion among this range of patterns. Then the plain colours: these have a very pleasant linen-like look with a bolder thread here and there, and are made in lovely pastel shades, the blue, jade green, soft pink and deep gold being remarkably nice. These tone excellently with the patterned materials, and the modern idea of plain and figured stuffs used together could be well carried out in them. The manufacturers regard the "Sunlover" fabrics as meant for furnishing, but it is quite obvious that for children's washing frocks and suits and grown-up's tub frocks they have a very useful future before them.

HELP FOR THE HELPERS

Most members of the Church of England, and many outside it also, accept the fact that a very large number of the clergy are obliged to live on sadly meagre stipends. Probably with most of us it is merely a piece of accepted knowledge too vague to have any real significance, and to make its implications obvious some sort of shock is needed. Such a sharp contact with reality may be found in the appeal of The Poor Clergy Relief Corporation (secretary, Captain T. G. Carter, 27, Medway Street, Westminster, S.W.1), in which it is stated quite calmly as though it were not strange—almost unthinkable—that such need should have existed: "last year we were enabled to help over four thousand persons all over the country with money or clothing or both." The appeal goes on to say: "It is those who do this work who best realise what a little help at Christmas-time means to vicarage children." A clergyman whose work calls for the highest self-forgetfulness may well be crippled by material anxieties for those near and dear to him, and this appeal deserves most serious consideration and generous response.

FOR OFFICERS' FAMILIES

The Housing Association for Officers' Families (6, Duke Street, S.W.1) was founded in 1916, and, though service in the Great War is regarded as a prior claim, it is not a condition of eligibility, disabled officers and the widows and dependents of officers of the Navy, Army or Air Force all being qualified to receive assistance. The premier objects of the Association are to provide housing accommodation at low rentals, to make grants in aid of housing, to receive offers of accommodation to be lent or rented to eligible persons to administer—in connection with housing—funds provided by the Officers' Association (in this case able-bodied officers and certain other persons are eligible), and to carry on as a separate organisation a clothing depot for the assistance of the beneficiaries. It is satisfactory to see in the latest report that the Association as it stands is in a sound financial position, but expansion is badly needed, and without increased assistance it is absolutely impossible. This is a good work for which COUNTRY LIFE has the highest admiration, warmly recommending it to its readers' appreciation and assistance.

CRUFT'S KENNEL NOTES

DIFFERENT people look for different qualities in dogs. Some are enamoured of good looks alone, while others appreciate more intrinsic qualities, such as temperament, intelligence and fidelity. The Rottweiler cannot exactly lay claim to being an Adonis. Some would say that his appearance is homely, with the black-and-tan coat and short hair. When we come to look at him more closely, however, we appreciate that even in appearance he has certain claims upon our regard. Look how solidly he is constructed, standing four square on good sound legs, well furnished with bone, and he has the wideish chest and girth of ribs that betoken constitutional vigour. He looks to be stolid as well as solid, also. One cannot imagine for a moment that he would

with her corgis. Ch. Rozavel Red Dragon has added to his list of challenge certificates, having now won nine under as many different judges. Ch. Rozavel Traveller's Joy, that outstanding bitch sired by Rozavel Red Dragon's son, Ch. Rozavel Scarlet Emperor, shared with Red Dragon the honour of winning both challenge certificates at Perth. Joy also won three other challenge certificates before being sold to America for what is believed to have been the highest price ever paid for a Welsh corgi. Ch. Rozavel Red Dragon has now sired seven champions and several others are well on the way to the gaining of their titles. What has impressed us about this dog is the manner in which he stamps his individuality upon his progeny. Once or twice, when watching the judging at important shows, we have noticed the uniformity of type exhibited by his stock.

With regard to Rottweilers, Mrs. Gray took the utmost care in selecting her stock from the principal strains in Germany, knowing well how important it was that she should not make a beginning with anything of inferior type. In the year that has passed she has done uncommonly well with these dogs. Int. Ch. Rozavel Vefa von Kohlerwald, Z.P.R., has continued her unbeaten career, and the photograph of her which is published to-day will give an excellent impression of what these dogs should look like. Anna from Rozavel has had a series of brilliant successes in obedience classes and at trials, which proves that the reputation for good sense that they enjoy in Germany is not misplaced.

No doubt her puppies that are shortly expected will be in demand, especially with those who want a real working dog from a show strain, as Anna has already won a first and other prizes in beauty classes. Vefa will also be bred from again shortly, and puppies from her should be really valuable to anyone who wishes to set up a kennel of Rottweilers, as she was reported as being faultless by Germany's leading judge.

Classes for the breed will appear in the schedule of Cruft's forthcoming show, the judge selected being Mr. Simpson. We have had an opportunity of looking at an advance copy of the schedule of this great show at the Royal Agricultural Hall on Wednesday and Thursday, February 8th and 9th. The first thing to be noted is that entries will close on January 23rd. As usual, the classification is of a most comprehensive, not to say elaborate character, every breed being provided for in an adequate manner. Some have an extraordinary number of classes, and all the rest are on a scale that is not seen elsewhere. The classes are so graded that everyone has a reasonable chance in competing, and that is why Cruft's shows seem to appeal so much to beginners.



MRS. P. GRAY'S ROTTWEILER INTERNATIONAL CHAMPION ROZAVEL VEFA VON KOHLERWALD, Z.P.R. UNBEATEN AT ALL SHOWS IN ENGLAND

ever be rattled, however perplexing the situation with which he was confronted. He would, we feel sure, be able to cope satisfactorily with any emergency. That is why this breed is used so extensively in Germany for police work and for guarding homes and farmsteads.

Until two or three years ago the Rottweiler was simply a name to us. Then the breed was taken up by Mrs. Phil Gray of Woodlands, Buckland, near Betchworth, Surrey, a member of Cruft's Dog Show Society and a lady of shrewd judgment, skilled in the art of breeding. When the dogs came to us with such credentials we began to enquire about them at once, for it was obvious to everybody that Mrs. Gray would not have added them to her kennels unless she had been convinced that they had some qualities within them that would appeal to the British public. She had already made her reputation as a breeder, when she was Miss Thelma Evans, first of Alsations and then of the Pembroke variety of Welsh corgis. Perhaps she is really better known to the public as a breeder of Welsh corgis than of Alsations, because it was two of her dogs that were sold to His Majesty.

Mrs. Gray has had a very successful year

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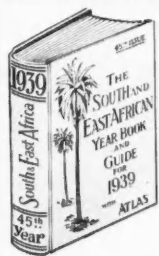
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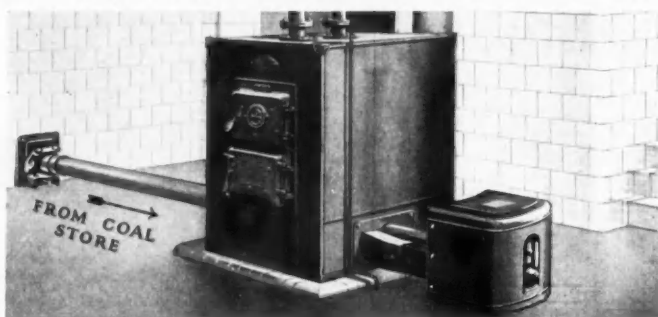
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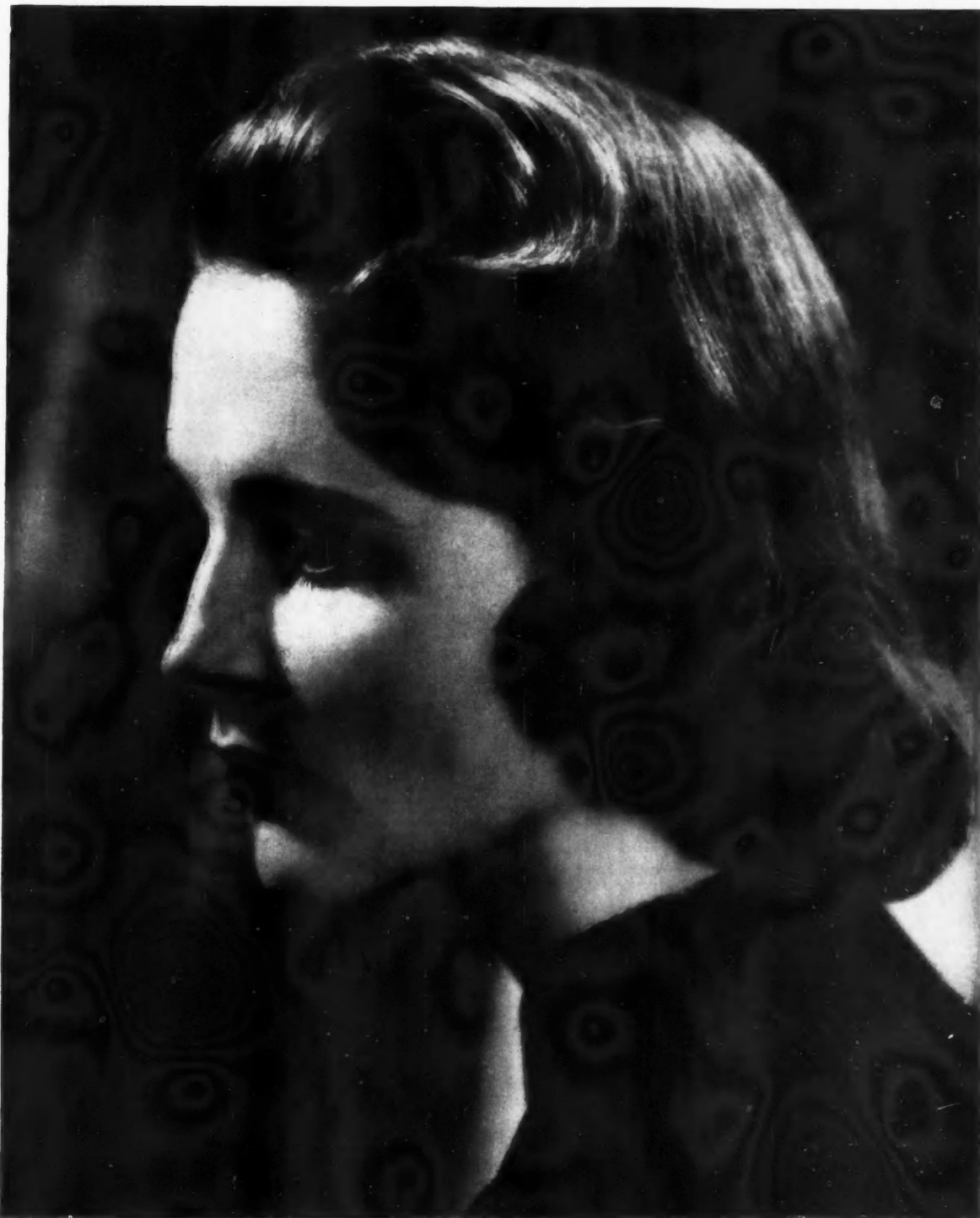
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COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. LXXXIV.—No. 2189. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31st, 1938

PRICE ONE SHILLING.
[POSTAGES: INLAND 1½d., CANADA 1½d., ABROAD 3d.]



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MRS. W. H. RHODES-MOORHOUSE

Mrs. Rhodes-Moorhouse is the only daughter of Sir Stephen and Lady Demetriadi. Her husband, whose father was the first airman to win the V.C. during the Great War, is a keen member of the Auxiliary Air Force.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.—Contributions submitted to the Editor of COUNTRY LIFE should be typewritten and, wherever possible, accompanied by photographs of outstanding merit. Fiction is not required. The Editor does not undertake to return unsuitable material if it is not accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope.

COUNTRY MUSEUMS

THE weather over Christmas did its best to make us museum-minded, which as a nation Mr. S. F. Markham shows us that we are not. This reflection is unavoidable after a study of his Report to the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust on "The Museums and Art Galleries of the British Isles." From it we learn, among much else, that both the United States and Germany each have over 2,500 museums while we have only 800—a number that, by comparison with equivalent areas even in Holland, Sweden, and New Zealand, "ought to give us a decided sense of inferiority." Reviewing the whole museum panorama, he finds, with honourable exceptions including the great national institutions, a prevalence of inadequate finances and buildings, entire absence of central co-ordination, very variable attitudes in local authorities who have the administration of museums, and recent deterioration of many local museums owing to the diminishing support of the learned societies that have organised them. The indifference that these conclusions imply must in part be due to a misconception of the function of museums. It is not only to collect and conserve. It is to enable research, on which so much of our knowledge of the globe and its inhabitants depends ; to contain the raw material of ideas ; to provide for visual education ; and, perhaps most important though inevitably most rare, to inspire a wider, fuller, loftier view of man's heritage. "If a museum does nothing more in the course of a year than inspire one lad," Mr. Markham believes, "it has justified its existence."

Haphazard and, too often, inadequate as the support of our museums is, there are remarkable facts on the credit side too. There is an increase of "good" museums ; new museums are founded at the astonishing rate of one in every three weeks ; there is a great advance of public interest in museum work ; and the standard of curatorship, where finance permits, is rising. Though museums tend to be concentrated in a few great cities, leaving huge areas with none at all, there is a process of devolution at work.

Indeed, the Stratford-on-Avon area has the highest concentration of museums in proportion to population of anywhere in the world. All over the country small commemorative museums of great men or historic events are coming into existence in welcome preference to statues of dubious æsthetic merit. And there is a gradual spread of a new type of museum that seeks to preserve the common things of yesterday, an outstanding example of which is the new Folk Museum at York illustrated on another page of this issue. This increase in the number of museums, however, is to be welcomed only if there is a reasonable prospect of their being suitably maintained. In this respect Mr. Markham is by no means entirely favourable to the conversion of interesting old houses into local museums. "It is, of course, an admirable thing that these old halls, manor houses, cottages, or castles should be preserved in perpetuity and, if furnished in the period style, they make attractive historical or folk-lore museums." But "there is scarcely a house over a century old which has not acquired a varied collection of insects. Particularly in half-timbered houses do these insects find a happy home, and they are rendered happier still by the introduction into the house of more articles of wood, in the form of furniture, ancient agricultural implements, panelling, and bygones."

There is evidently a good deal to be said against the precipitate formation of new museums so long as many existing ones are starved, cramped, or under-staffed. On the other hand, devolution by the overcrowded national museums to new or existing country centres is one of the solutions of the problem favoured by Mr. Markham, and one that directors of national collections are forced to contemplate by Air Raid Precautions. A case in point is Lord Rothschild's offer of Tring Park to the Natural History Museum. Though, of course, it is too early to say what use will be made of the house and park if the offer is accepted, yet several valuable possibilities occur to mind on the lines of Whipsnade, with the late Lord Rothschild's natural history collection as a nucleus. There is, too, a notable gap in the nation's "museum front," that might be filled with the help of private generosity and one of the greater country houses. In a country where sport has always been a paramount consideration it is odd that we have no museum devoted to sport. No national or regional museum houses an even indifferent general collection which would show the evolution of sporting equipment. It is said that some shrine preserves a creel or fishing-bag which belonged to Izaak Walton ; Colonel Hawker's great duck gun is still private property. The country is full of scattered treasures whose value is, in terms of money, negligible, but whose associations are priceless. To-day, with a mobile population and the speed of change, old associations fade. Can any museum, for instance, show a complete sequence of saddlery ? Where, our grandchildren will ask, can they see a Castle Connell rod by Enright, or a reel by Mallock of Perth, a hammer Purdey as used by King Edward VII, a punt-gun like Colonel Hawker's or Abel Chapman's, or one of the rifles of Selous ? True, they will be able to see the heads, the trophies, but there is no centralised national shrine. The Science Museum at South Kensington might be called a collection of "old junk" by those not interested in it. Yet it is the most popular museum we maintain. In its earliest shapings a museum of sport would probably be an unparalleled exhibition of "old junk," but it would, as support increased, grow into an exhibition as enchanting to the sportsman as the Science Museum is to the scientifically biased boy.

Money has been found readily for concepts of far lesser importance, and much that is priceless has already been lost ; but the concept of a museum of sport as a national responsibility is one that may appeal to many of our readers. In the past collectors have specialised in their own subject, but if a proper institution could be founded for the preservation of all matters dealing with the subject of sport in its broadest interpretation, it would focus into one centre a vast mass of interesting material outside the scope of existing museums and crystallise in one centre an aspect of national life which is characteristic but wholly neglected to-day.

COUNTRY NOTES

*A Winter Scene at Glamis Castle*

FARMING TO BE RESTORED

MR. MORRISON certainly gave farmers a handsome Christmas-box in his statement that the Government are considering the adoption of guaranteed prices and control of imports by contract, on the lines of the recommendations of the National Farmers' Union and the Empire Producers' Conference at Sydney. In our last issue, simultaneously with the Minister's statement, the President of the N.F.U. outlined the logical framework for all kinds of agricultural production envisaged by farmers themselves and now, no doubt with some modifications, to be adopted by the Government. Briefly, the scheme proposes the control of all types of agricultural production and imports by commodity councils on the lines of the existing Empire Beef Council, and an economic price guaranteed by the Treasury, which will recoup itself from import duties, on the lines of the Wheat Subsidy. If these proposals go through, a great victory will have been won for British farming, without inflicting hardship on Empire farmers. British farming will be enabled to pay its way. But this will be only the first step to restoring the country's agriculture to real health. What this involves is brilliantly set forth to-day on another page by that great pioneer Sir Albert Howard. National health based on naturally fertile soil is the ultimate aim, to which stabilised prosperity gives the key.

THE PAST YEAR

THERE can have been few periods of greater and more widespread suffering in the world's history than 1938 has witnessed, nor one from which the prospect of the future was more uncertain. But as the year closes it may be said that Britons endorse the verdict of the electors in the dramatic West Perth by-election, in roughly the same proportion. There is a large and strong body of opinion desiring more forceful action, and more vigorous organisation of the country to confront the perils threatening democracy. As in the case of agriculture, so with other aspects of national defence we may expect to see this influence felt. Yet no section of the nation and Empire but offers profoundest thankfulness for the continued—if modified—blessings of peace or, at the season of good will, felt other than sympathy for the Prime Minister and those called on to bear the appalling responsibilities of office. However views may diverge as to means for attaining the peace the world so urgently desires, there is no disputing the nation's readiness to bear whatever sacrifices it may be called upon to face, nor of the continuing loyalty of the Commonwealth to the democratic conception of the State as a means to developing individual happiness as against the theory of the individual's subjection to an all-mastering Power.

"A FISHERMAN'S DIARY"

COUNTRY LIFE has, for the past forty years, always included fishing and the concerns of fishermen among its interests. We are proposing in future, beginning with the New Year, to devote a part of the paper weekly to

"A Fisherman's Diary," which will summarise the news and doings of the riverside, and no less of the research stations and remoter agencies that affect the fisherman's life for better or for worse. In addition, it is intended to provide a useful service of "notes from rivers," covering the principal fishings of Great Britain. We believe the feature will be welcomed by the increasing numbers of people who yearly find the fascination of the river and the lake, and of the arts by which their inhabitants may be taken. In these times more especially the contemplative sport of fishing is an anodyne, and an unequalled means of "slowing down" in a world that spins ever more rapidly.

"MONTY"

FEW men in the world of games have been more widely known or had more friends than Mr. R. H. de Montmorency, who died last week. He was a kindly and intensely hospitable man, of a simple and straightforward character which commanded affection. Golf was the chief love of his game-playing life, and for years he was one of the best of the amateurs, an extraordinarily accurate striker of the ball, and of unflagging enthusiasm; but he had also got his blue at Oxford both at cricket and rackets, and for a long time coached and looked after the Eton rackets pair. He was also, in his younger days, a good shot, and indeed he loved anything that asked for skill of hand and eye. By nature he was a man of the open air rather than a schoolmaster, but he was a most conscientious house-master, and his house at Eton was full of the sons of his friends. When his time for retiring came he went to live near Sunningdale, where he could play to his heart's content, and it was a cruel blow of fate that, some four years ago, after he had played particularly well in the English Championship, his health suddenly broke down. From that time he had to live almost an invalid life, to which he was little suited, though he bore it with courage and sweet temper, if not always with obedience. During his year of office he was a most hard-working President of the English Union, and he was also, at the time of his death, President of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, which had been founded during his captain's year at Oxford. Everybody called him "Monty," and everybody will miss him.

WINTER NIGHT

(After Nikolaus Lenau)

The cold congeals the very air,
Under my footsteps creaks the snow,
Cloudy my breath and stiff my hair,
Onward, still onward, I must go!

How solemn-silent is the land!
The moonlight strikes the ancient pines,
Submissive unto death they stand,
Each branch towards the earth inclines.

Oh frost, come freeze me, freeze my heart,
Down to its wild, impassioned core,
That peace therein may have its part,
As in these meadows, dark and froze.

FRED A. C. BOND.

CHRISTMAS WEATHER

ONLY ten days before Christmas we were still experiencing an unseasonable prolongation of autumn, and it would have been a bold prophet who forecasted a white Noel. Then came that tigerish north-easter, followed by such a snowstorm as London, at any rate, has not seen for many a year; and though, with the wonted fickleness of our climate, the thaw was not long in setting in, there was still snow in plenty lying in many parts of the country on Christmas Day. The frost, which performed its usual secret and disastrous ministry on our water-pipes, was equally damaging to the flower trade. Lorry-loads of chrysanthemums arrived in London with the blooms frosted, while early imported narcissi, ruined on the voyage, were not even worth landing and had to be thrown into the sea. But if Covent Garden did not enjoy the frost, there was at least one section of the community, besides the plumbers, that did. The poulterers had no worries about their turkeys not being just right for Christmas Day; Jack Frost's refrigerator saw to that.

GOLD-DIGGERS AND THEIR LIBEL ACTIONS

IT is to be hoped that the private Bill to amend the law of libel and slander may, even in these crowded Parliamentary hours, receive a reasonable chance and a square deal. It is time that something was done to prevent undeserving persons obtaining damages, and often large ones, on trumped-up pretexts. If this Bill becomes law they will not be able to do so without giving oral evidence of their alleged sufferings, and they will not recover more costs than damages unless the judge so orders. The present state of things, however, is not by any means only the fault of the law, of which so many people hold Mr. Bumble's opinion. The layman, when he comes into a jury-box, seems often to lose all sense of proportion, and regarding, presumably, a newspaper as fair game, awards preposterous sums on trivial grounds. Once upon a time authors were allowed too much licence. It is interesting to speculate what damages might have been obtained, according to to-day's standards, by that famous inn the Great White Horse at Ipswich for Dickens' reflections on its then discomforts, ending with the statement that Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Magnus, having ordered a bottle of the worst possible port wine for the good of the house, drank brandy and water for their own. Thousands of pounds would have been poured into the pockets of the Yorkshire schoolmaster who is generally known to be the original of Mr. Squeers. We have rightly become more mealy-mouthed since those days, but the pendulum has surely swung too far in the opposite direction.

BUILDING IN GERMANY

SINCE the establishment of the Third Reich the current of contemporary architecture in Germany, which was previously the spear-head of the modern movement, has been profoundly changed. There has been a good deal of curiosity in this country on the line it was taking, curiosity that Mr. John Gloag is now satisfying by a series of articles in the *Architects' Journal*. With regard to the new land settlements, instead of streamlined concrete dwellings, the houses for the new farmers are designed as homes, costing, with their barns and outhouses, about 25,000 marks. The most satisfactory structure, it is interesting to learn, has been produced by timber framing, with brick filling: similar to the traditional half-timbered houses of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. They are not copies of the old, but have thatched roofs, generous windows, and walls thick enough, that blend with the landscape and will grow old gracefully. Mr. Gloag makes a point in support of traditionalism in building when he says: "You can be at peace, at home, with it—unconscious of the revolutionary urgencies that in an old-fashioned modern-movement building clamour for your attention."

THE THATCHER

CAN the craft of the thatcher survive? The question is asked in an interesting little survey of the subject in the current number of *Rural Industries*, where it is estimated that there are still about 400 straw thatchers at work to-day, and another 130 workers in Norfolk reed. Thatchers usually work alone, less frequently in pairs; they are paid by piece-work, and may earn as much as £3 or £4 a week when in full employment. Orders, however, come spasmodically, and the thatcher is very much at the mercy of the weather. It is, perhaps, hardly surprising that so uncertain a livelihood should be failing to attract the younger generation, and to-day there is an acute shortage of skilled men. For the first-class thatcher—the true artist in his craft—there is no lack of work, however; he is often booked for months ahead; and it is clear that if the craft dies out, it will be for lack of men, not because thatched roofs are no longer wanted. With so many old, condemned cottages being rehabilitated for week-enders' use, there might even be a small boom in thatching, if the men were available; and we could give instances where, contrary to the usual melancholy trend, corrugated iron has been stripped from cottages and the thatch reinstated. The problem is to persuade young men in the country to take up the craft and to provide the necessary training; otherwise

in twenty years' time the number of thatchers will be halved. Thatching may well go hand in hand with hedging and ditching, and a man skilled in all three would have at his command sources of employment to see him all through the year.

THE GARDENS CHAMPIONSHIP

THE Committee of the National Gardens Scheme have published the figures of the money raised last summer for the Queen's Institute and the Nursing Associations through the opening of gardens in England and Wales. The total of £15,245 is the highest obtained in the twelve years since the scheme was first organised, and exceeded by over £1,700 the figure for 1937, the Coronation year, which was in itself a record. It is always interesting to see how the counties fared in this gardens championship. Kent, with an aggregate of £1,217, again came out top, retaining the place it had wrested from East Sussex in 1937. East Sussex were runners-up with £1,117. Dorset, with £661, came third, closely followed by Cheshire (£625), Surrey (£621) and West Sussex (£614). Through the opening of the Royal gardens at Sandringham a sum of £850 was raised; and the Derry roof garden in Kensington accounted for over £1,100. A great deal of hard work goes each year to the organising of the scheme, the success of which is due not only to the owners and county organisers but to the gardeners and household staffs, who co-operate enthusiastically so that the gardens shall be seen at their best. All concerned must feel a pleasant satisfaction at last summer's splendid achievement.

DELIGHT IN SNOW

I do delight in snow; it falls like flowers
Sifted through some alembic of the gods
From unseen orchards lending brief bloom to ours,
Lavishing softness on the frozen clods.
These blossoms from celestial orchards are
Refreshing to the small buds of our trees;
When their blooms follow, and their fruits afar,
They must come brighter for the touch of these.
I do delight in snow; it makes me think
Thoughts that brush on my mind like angels' wings,
So that I seem to hover on the brink
Of something even purer than these things.
Down my mind's ways no doleful moods dare go
When earth and air are flowered with blooms of snow.

L. MOULTON.

THE LAW AS TO SWANS

LAWYERS divide birds into three classes: game, wild birds which are not game, and domesticated; but the swan does not quite fit into any of them, and so has a law to itself. Parliament has not taken the trouble to change the ancient law by a general statute, so that the legal student of Queen Elizabeth's time could have written a note on the matter which would be almost up to date, except that the comparatively modern Game Act of 1831 includes swans' eggs in a section dealing with theft of the eggs of game birds and certain others from the nest. The maximum penalty for the offence is fixed at five shillings for each egg. By the ancient law, swans are Royal birds and belong to the King. Ancient sovereigns, however, could and did give the privilege to keep them to subjects, who then had a property in the swans in their private waters. In fact, anybody may now keep his own swans on his lake or pond, and if he marks them they are recognised as his property wherever they may fly. Occasionally a lord of a manor may claim a right, on the supposed gift of an ancient king, to take all unmarked swans which come on his land, and the right is recognised if he can prove that his predecessors exercised it. The right of the Vintners' Company to keep swans on the Thames is also recognised as conferred by an ancient grant, whether in existence or otherwise, and both Royal swans and Vintners' swans are marked in regular annual routine. The poacher who takes a wild swan appropriates the King's property—as, indeed, in strict law, do landowners who shoot such a bird flying over their property.

THE FOLK MUSEUM AT YORK

NOT everyone who goes to York to see the Minster, the walls and the gates, knows of the fine group of classic buildings which lie below Clifford's Tower in the bailey of the former castle. Until recently their qualities—and, indeed, their very existence—were partly obscured by a high wall, and as the buildings were used for the execution of justice, the tourist was not encouraged. The central building of the group, the Debtors' Prison, dates from Queen Anne's reign; the two balancing blocks—the Assize Courts and the Female Prison—were added later, from designs by Carr of York. The latter has now been converted into a folk museum. Museums of this kind, showing us how our ancestors lived and moved and had their being, are for many people the most interesting of any. There are all too few of them in existence, and York is to be congratulated on its enterprise. The Corporation has spent £8,000 in adapting the building to its new use; and by removing the high prison wall, and replacing the old Male Prison by new municipal offices, it is effecting a major civic improvement without injuring any building of worth.

Many of the scenes and features we associate with an old English street have been reconstructed as a permanent feature of the Museum. What were the gloomy cells of the prison are now filled with remarkable collections of Yorkshire "bygones," and the warders' "beat" has become a cobbled street lined with the kind of shops and houses that our ancestors knew.

This scheme, new to this country but for long a delightful feature of certain Continental museums, is the realisation of an idea which Dr. J. L. Kirk, a Pickering antiquary, has nourished for many years. His remarkable collection of bygones (it is



CLIFFORD'S TOWER, SEEN THROUGH THE PILLARS
AT THE ENTRANCE OF YORK MUSEUM

significant that he does not use that rather severe term "relics") merited some method of display more intimate, more vital than that afforded by an ordinary museum. And that is why the York Castle Museum, which has just been opened, takes the form of a trading centre, a shopping mart, and a "house" of memories, all in one.

Members of a local theatrical company helped to initiate the new museum by lending appropriate colour to the "street." Suitably dressed, they climbed aboard the stage coach, which a postilion had swung into the cobbled roadway; they sauntered in and out of the shops, exchanged confidences at the village pump, and generally made themselves at home in an England that has gone.

This element of make-believe, however, is by no means necessary to the enjoyment of this fascinating place. Walk through "Kirkgate" but once, and, so skilfully is the atmosphere arranged, you will soon be almost on speaking terms with the apothecary and the glass-blower, the pewterer and the general dealer, all of whose wares are brandished before you. Then turn down "Alderman's Walk"—which branches off "Kirkgate"—where the peculiar commodities of the old-time

grocer and the snuff-maker are seen behind bow-shaped windows with small glass panes that remove any remaining doubt about the authenticity of this bygone community.

For authentic it certainly is. Every feature of the place is genuine—a realistic page from past history.

The shop-fronts have been gathered from many northern towns, where demolition schemes threatened their total destruction. The fine timbered house in "Kirkgate" came piece by piece from Stamford, Lincolnshire, where it was displaced by a Woolworth store. And the tallow-chandler's factory, also in



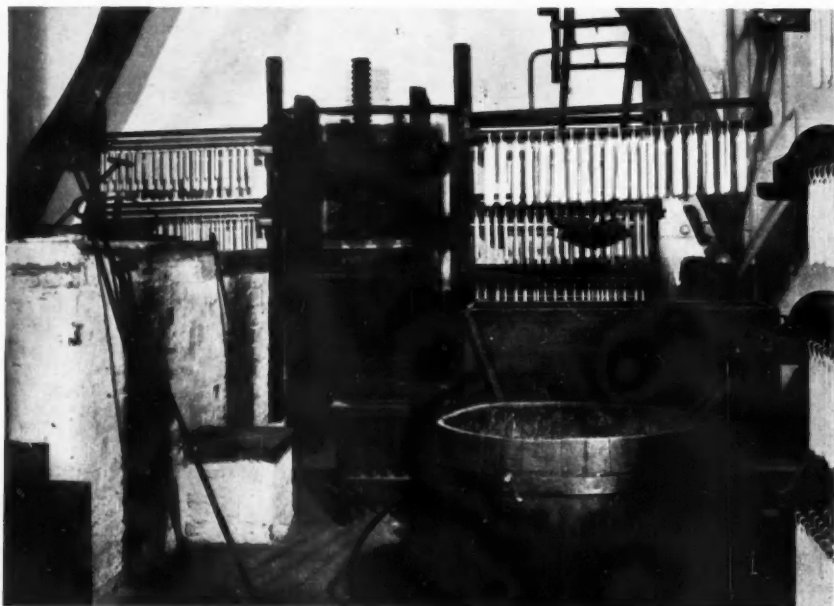
THE APOTHECARY'S SHOP



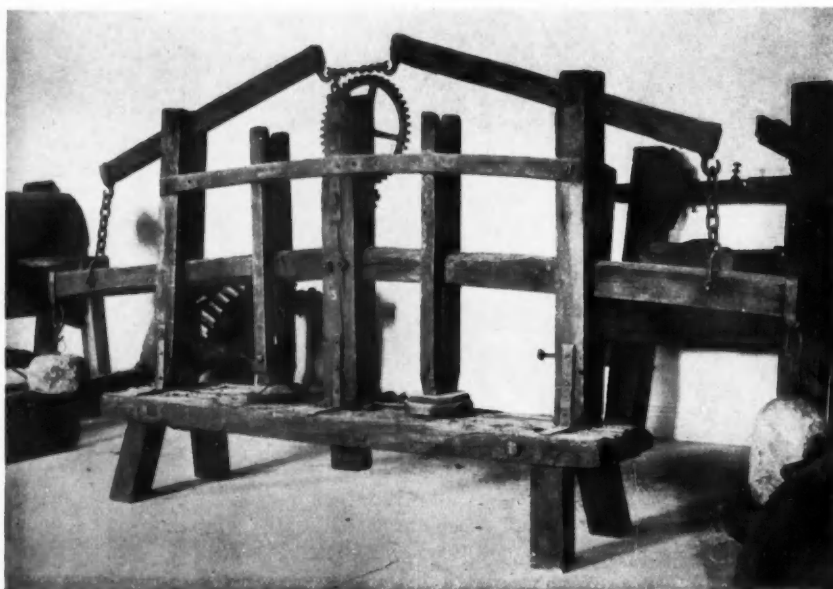
A CORNER OF THE OLD ENGLISH STREET



A GENERAL VIEW OF "KIRKGATE," THE OLD ENGLISH STREET IN THE YORK MUSEUM



A TALLOW CANDLE FACTORY RECONSTRUCTED IN "KIRKGATE"



A CHEESE PRESS FROM WENSLEYDALE

"Kirkgate," is a faithful reconstruction (with the original fittings) of an establishment which thrived in Pickering a century ago.

The part that farming has played in English rural life is well represented in several galleries arranged above the "street."

In the Agricultural Gallery, particularly, a farmer of to-day would find himself in close touch with his forebears. Yet the inevitable comparison between the bygone implements shown here and those employed nowadays would make him smile. Here is a curious wooden structure, once used for pearling barley and driven by water power. Near by stands a nineteenth-century cheese press, a formidable piece of apparatus consisting of a stone, weighing about a quarter-ton, which was gradually lowered by screw on to the cheese as the curd shrank. Sheep-shearing is recalled by a pitch-kettle and branding iron, and field drainage by a set of tiles from the Pickering district. Wooden churns, some of them nicely carved, turnip choppers, wooden flails, rakes, "dig" harrows, and threshing machines—each has its own story to tell. Some of the agricultural by-gones were in use within comparatively recent years, thus forming a close link with modern implements. This accounts for the presence, here, of a farmer's creel, a set of peat-cutters, scythes, ridge ploughs, and straw ornaments made after the style of the "kern baby." There is a winnowing machine such as one might well find still in use in many a barn; and not a few farmers may be amused to find familiar implements relegated to the Museum.

The farmer's home life is not forgotten, either. A moorland cottage room, to be equipped with a four-poster bed, grandfather clock, ornaments for the mantelpiece, etc., is still under construction; but the activities of leisure hours can be fully shared, in imagination.

A feature of many old English fairs was the gingerbread. As a tasty confection it was always in great demand, and each piece bore an attractive design. To impart the designs, which were extremely varied, wooden moulds were used, and a fine selection of these—many of them dating back to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—is displayed in one of the Museum galleries. The designs include bunches of flowers, fish, dogs, rabbits, sheep, and sheaves.

Decorative work is seen again in a fine array of apple scoops. Made from sheep bones, these domestic utensils bear lattice patterns which had been passed down from generation to generation. Yorkshire village folk used such scoops up to the nineteenth century for coring apples.

A different tale is told by the "fairly stones," or "holy stones," seen near by. These are large pebbles that have been perforated to enable them to be hung on the walls of the cow byre—as a protection against witches! This practice was once common in Wensleydale.

A reminder that pageantry, as well as superstition, played a part in bygone English rural life is provided by an imposing array of processional staves, once the treasured property of the Langtoft (East Yorkshire) branch of the Ancient Order of Shepherds. Long wooden rods fitted at one end with a small brass crook, these staves were carried by the Shepherds when marching in procession to church on the day of some religious festival.

Two other tokens of their activities will soon be on show—a ballot-box and the chairman's mallet, used when an officer was being elected by the Society. The usual purpose of a ballot-box was nullified, however, for the box is sufficiently open to allow the chairman to see how the Shepherds voted!

G. BERNARD WOOD.

FARMING RESTORED—VIII

A NEW BASIS FOR AGRICULTURE

By SIR ALBERT HOWARD, C.I.E.

Sir Albert Howard's new basis is a healthy nation, fed on healthy food—that is, on plant and animal life that is itself healthy—and this in turn can only be if the soil is healthy to produce them. But though many people will agree with him, can we wait while the experiments are made to convince the Government and the nation? And who is to finance those experiments?

IS there any justification, beyond charity, for agriculture in a country like Great Britain where the cost of labour is high and where low prices for food are essential for maintaining a population largely engaged in industry? Is there any sound reason why this country should be burdened with the task of putting the soil of England into good heart and those connected with the land on their feet, instead of continuing to purchase our food supplies in the cheapest market? The object of this article is to answer these questions from the standpoint of the man in the street and to provide him with sound reasons why it is essential in the national interest to restore and then to maintain the agriculture of Great Britain.

Since the great depression of 1879, many attempts have been made, by the industry itself and by Government, to arrest the continuous decline in agriculture. These efforts have resulted in complete failure.

The farming community has endeavoured to meet the competition from overseas by:

- (A) Laying down large areas to grass.
- (B) The introduction of labour-saving devices.
- (C) Specialising in products like meat, milk, vegetables and fruit.
- (D) Converting the stores of fertility handed down from the days of mixed farming into cash—in other words, by transfer from the balance-sheet of the soil to the profit and loss account of the farmer.

All these measures have helped matters for a time: such expedients have not saved and cannot save agriculture; most of them have upset the balance between arable and livestock.

A long succession of Governments has grappled with this problem. Many Ministers of Agriculture have devoted themselves whole-heartedly to the salvation of the industry. Their labours have resulted in:

- (A) The provision of large sums for agricultural education and research.
- (B) More liberty for the farmers in conducting their operations.
- (C) The creation of various Boards for the organisation of production and marketing.
- (D) Subsidies for beet sugar, beef and wheat.
- (E) The beginnings of a scheme for the improvement of soil fertility.

Unfortunately these measures have done little more than keep the patient alive.

HEALTH, NOT WEALTH

Why have all these well meaning expedients failed? The answer is simple. Not one of them has gone to the root of the matter. Agriculture has always been approached in the wrong way—from the point of view of economics.

The farmer has always tried to make both ends meet: the State has done its best to help him. The result is that during the last fifty years agriculture has floundered hopelessly in a veritable morass of economics. The end of this road can only be a C3 calling, parasitic on trade and industry: in other words, farmers must eventually lose their independence and lead a precarious existence on some form of dole. In the process, most of the live wires will be driven out of the industry.

The time has come to call a halt: to stop the hopeless waste of wealth: to rescue the land from the strangle-hold of false doctrine and red tape: to look at agriculture from an entirely new point of view—the health and well-being of the human population living in this island.

What really matters in a country like Great Britain? Is it our possessions, our industries or our trade? It is none of these things. Our greatest possession is ourselves. "Our wealth lies not in the material resources at our command, but in the energy, initiative and moral fibre of our people: without these attributes no country can remain permanently prosperous, with them no unfavourable circumstance can long prove an insuperable obstacle."

In the salvage of agriculture we must think of the needs of the men and women who constitute our chief source of wealth. They must not only be fed but well nourished in order that they may fully express themselves and so give the country of their best.

How is this revolution to be brought about? How can we replace unsound arguments based on economics by a new policy founded on health? We must first take our own advice and show the electorate and Parliament by actual examples what the land of this island is capable of in establishing a sound public health system. The intimate connection which exists between soil fertility, nutrition and health must be written, not in the transactions of the learned societies or in small-scale laboratory

experiments, but on the land itself. This is the great task that now lies before British agriculture. All dependent on the land must take the initiative and prove their worth before they can hope to establish their true position in the State.

HUMUS AND HUMANITY

What evidence exists that such apparently unrelated things as soil fertility, nutrition, and health form part of one subject? A great deal. The difficulty is to compress it into an article of some fifteen hundred words.

Beginning with really fertile land, that is to say with a well drained soil rendered healthy by regular applications of freshly prepared humus (made from vegetable and animal wastes), the connection between soil fertility and crops of high quality, practically free from insect and fungous disease, has been observed all over the world. A healthy, fertile soil is soon followed by healthy crops. An excellent example of this is to be seen in the well known Surfleet experiment in South Lincs, where in three years Captain Wilson has shown that the stimulation of artificial manures and the protection afforded by poison sprays are both unnecessary for the production of good crops of high-grade vegetables. A fertile soil rich in humus needs nothing more in the way of manure: the crop requires no protection from pests: it looks after itself.

The next link in the chain of evidence is obtained by observing the effects on livestock of fodder and forage raised from soil rich in humus. Animals like cattle at once respond to soil fertility; they develop bloom, resist disease, and yield high-quality meat, milk and milk products. An excellent example is to be seen in this country on Mr. Hosier's farm in Wiltshire. His system of open-air dairying has rapidly converted poor downland pasture into fertile fields, rich in humus, producing abundant crops of grass and clover which support large herds of dairy animals in first-class condition. All the factors involved in soil fertility were present in these poverty-stricken areas except one—the animal wastes needed to set up the natural formation of humus from the old turf. Mr. Hosier's success depends on supplying the missing factor.

It only remains to complete the record of evidence. A few examples of the connection between soil fertility and the health of the human population have been studied. These occur in the form of staircase cultivation in somewhat inaccessible localities such as the mountain valleys of the Northern Frontier of India. One of them, however, has just been described by Dr. G. T. Wrench in "The Wheel of Health." Here the direct connection (which has been in existence for centuries) between soil fertility, nutrition, and a healthy virile tribe was brought to light for the first time.

WANTED: DEMONSTRATION

No laboratory researches on the connection between well farmed land in good heart and a healthy population are therefore needed. The spade-work has been done. It remains only to put two and two together in the shape of a few large-scale demonstrations for all to see. Perhaps the easiest way will be to select a few resident communities with sufficient land for growing their own wheat, fodder, meat, milk, milk products, vegetables and fruit. The first thing will be to get the land properly drained and then put into really good heart by building up the content of humus and applying chalk or limestone if the soil is too acid. The area will then be in a position to produce nearly all the food needed by the residents. Some simple arrangement for medical inspection and the record of major and minor illnesses will be needed by a carefully chosen disciple of preventive medicine. The health, or, rather, the ill-health, of the surrounding population will serve as a control. Islands of health will arise in an ocean of indisposition. A beginning in such work as is contemplated has already been made at Christ's Hospital at Horsham. Much more complete examples on the lines suggested in this article are, however, needed. Institutions are to be found in this country where such demonstrations could be set in motion. In a very short time the results would be apparent.

Such demonstrations cannot be expected to yield convincing results under five years; they will have to be carried out under competent direction: they will also need money. The industry, however, must be helped now; something practical has got to be done without delay.

How is this time difficulty to be surmounted? The evidence in favour of the view put forward in this article is so strong and so convincing that the general thesis can be accepted as a working hypothesis for the next five years at least: the results of the demonstration of the connection between a fertile soil and a healthy population can be anticipated. These demonstrations, however

are essential for justifying the Government in spending public money in a national emergency and also for convincing the man in the street that any permanent policy for agriculture has only one sound foundation—health—and that the sooner such a policy is firmly welded into the fabric of our permanent legislation the better it will be for the nation as a whole.

A new scheme for agriculture based on health should first be adopted as an emergency measure, and provided with the necessary funds. Simultaneously two of the major handicaps under which the farmer now labours must be removed. These are uncertain and fluctuating prices for his produce and want of capital for building up soil fertility. The patient must first be saved: the convalescent must then be encouraged and assisted to bring the soil of England into a condition of real and permanent fertility.

Once the people in this country can be shown that their own

health depends on soil fertility the electorate will see to it that the land—the source of their well-being—gets a square deal and is provided with the essential capital, free of interest, for building up real fertility. A market at remunerative prices will, as a matter of course, be secured to the average farmer: the agricultural labourer will be housed and paid as well as his brother in the towns. Farming will come to be regarded as an honoured profession, as an essential factor in the public health system of the future: as the real producer of new wealth in the shape of a race of sturdy men and women. Agricultural education and research, including the study of nutrition, will start from a new base line—soil fertility. Health will replace economics when questions relating to the land come up for consideration. The women of England, the mothers of the generations of the future, will be the most active champions in the restoration of the countryside.

A CASUAL COMMENTARY

THACKERAY BY THE FIRE

ONE father of my acquaintance reads the story of Gabriel Grub aloud to his family on every Christmas Eve, just as his father used to read it to him and his brother and sisters. This seems to me to be in the best possible tradition for this season of the year, which is pre-eminently one for reading old and friendly books. If Dickens is best suited to Christmas Eve—and I yearly do my own duty by Dingley Dell—let me suggest Thackeray for New Year's Eve. At any rate, I intend to give him his turn, if I have to read him to myself, and the only question is whether it shall be "The Rose and the Ring" or "Pendennis," both of which possess the essential quality that I know them more or less by heart. "The Rose and the Ring" is perhaps the more obviously suitable; it is called "A fireside pantomime," and was written because there were no twelfth night characters to be had in Rome. The tiresome people who think that Thackeray is too cynical or too snobbish or too sentimental can have nothing to say against it. On the other hand, "Pendennis" is calling and calling in my ears and I can scarce keep a premature hand from the tattered volume. I shall skip Mrs. Pendennis, the "sainted woman," whom I have the misfortune to dislike, and Laura, who leaves me cold. Dear Harry Foker and the Major, Miss Fotheringay and Pen himself will be perfect company for the fireside—I think it will have to be "Pendennis."

If any particular inducement were necessary it would have been forthcoming, in that I have just been reading Mr. H. N. Wethered's book "On the Art of Thackeray" (Longmans, 12s. 6d.) with great pleasure and interest. Not only has he made me want to re-read the old and beloved books—and that is no small cause for gratitude: he has told me all manner of things I did not know and set me to reading things which—more shame to me—I had never read. I cannot pretend even to myself that I had read them because I found certain parts of certain books disgracefully uncut. And then, too, he has made me want to argue with him, and it is always good fun for two friends, if I may presume to say so, to argue about books of which they are both fond, both being a little eager to show off how well they remember it. For instance, Mr. Wethered says that Colonel Newcome is "the one thoroughly good character, except perhaps Dobbin and the O'Dowds, of any prominence in the novels." I want to say to him almost fiercely: "Pray, sir, what has George Warrington done that you should leave him out?" There is no finer gentleman in any book. I can think of no smallest blot on his escutcheon, and he is admirable company. For my part, I think he can buy and sell all the other three. Then I should further like to argue about Major Pendennis. Mr. Wethered makes the suggestion that Thackeray was doubly autobiographical in that novel, seeing himself not only in the young Arthur but in the old one too. This is interesting rather than convincing, and I cannot help feeling that Mr. Wethered has been too much impressed by Thackeray having signed a letter to Mrs. Brookfield "A. Pendennis, Major H.P." He says that "it is probable that he felt the character in his bones and saw himself, out of the corner of his eye, acting as the Major would have acted." Very likely Thackeray would have enjoyed, as did the Major, being seen talking to the Duke of Wellington or even, in a lesser degree, to some lesser Duke; but that is a weakness not confined to the Major, and apart from that is there much likeness? One cannot believe that Thackeray would have liked his wits compared with those of the elder Pendennis, which, to tell the truth, were not of the brightest. Of novels, if I remember rightly, the Major admitted that he never read one except Paul de Kock; and as to poetry, though he did say he

had been a "dab at verses" in his youth, they must surely have been of poor quality. No, no, we really cannot have it.

Let it not be thought that I am not fond of Major Pendennis. On the contrary, I adore him and am always sorry that he forgot himself in the little matter of blackmailing Sir Francis Clavering. Yet even on that deplorable occasion he is touching and almost lovable, since he stooped entirely for his nephew's sake. With what a gallant spirit, too, did he turn on that ruffian Morgan and put him to the rout! That is one of the greatest of scenes. I will come boldly out into the open and say that I am much fonder of Major Pendennis than of Colonel Newcome, and much more touched by him. Certainly the Colonel was a fine gentleman. It is very sad that he was ruined by the Bundelcund bank (oh! Mr. Wethered, why do you twice call it "Bunderland"?), but it is difficult not to grow irritated with him at times, and not to feel that he was, as his creator is said to have remarked, "rather a twaddler." Whether Thackeray meant it we do not know. Perhaps he was only being quizzical and mocking, as he was on meeting Charlotte Brontë, who had called him "the first social regenerator of the day." At any rate, we may be sure that he meant one of the things he said, and it is delightful to know that he said it. After reading the great scene in "Vanity Fair," in which Rawdon throws the jewel at Lord Steyne, he exclaimed "That's genius!" and, my goodness, wasn't he right!

One of the most interesting comments on Thackeray as a writer, which Mr. Wethered quotes, is that of Henley's; he described him as "the average clubman plus genius and a style." That is hardly quite just or quite complete, since it leaves out his extreme sensibility (he sometimes seems to us to have too much of it) and his belief that, in Leslie Stephens' words, "the really valuable element of life was in the simple and tender affections which do not flourish in the world." Yet there was more than something of truth in it, and I doubt if Thackeray himself would have greatly resented it. For that matter, are there many writers who would not be satisfied with "genius and a style," and such a lovely style, and let other criticism be what it might? When Arthur Pendennis first began to write in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Dr. Portman said that he "had spirit, taste, and fancy, and wrote, if not like a scholar, at any rate like a gentleman." We may almost take that to be Thackeray's opinion of his own writing, and he would not perhaps have been displeased with those words as his epitaph. There are not, when all is said, so very many who deserve them. There is another characteristic passage—I came across it by chance the other day—which seems in some degree at once a confession of his faith and an estimate of his powers. It is in a Roundabout Paper "On a joke I once heard from the late Thomas Hood," one of the most generous and charming of his essays. "The writer," he says, "belongs to the old-fashioned classes of this world, loves to remember more than to prophesy, and though he can't help being carried onward and downward, perhaps, on the hill of life, the swift milestones marking their forties, fifties—how many tens of lustres shall we say?—he sits under Time, the white-wigged charioteer, with his back to the horses, and his face to the past, looking at the receding landscape and the hills fading into the gray distance." He seems to me extraordinarily right; he liked to read other people who remembered about themselves, such as Montaigne, and is at his most lovable when he is remembering about himself. And that is why I shall set aside "Esmond," though he said of it "Here is the best I can do," and "Vanity Fair," which I take leave to think unquestionably the greatest, and shall snuggle down with "Pendennis" beside my New Year's Eve fire. B. D.

MAKING A HIGH SCHOOL HORSE

By JOE BARRY, of the Bertram Mills Circus

INTELLIGENCE, a good memory, and complete confidence in its trainer are the three prime qualities which go to make a good high school horse.

His training is essentially different from that of a "liberty" horse or "rosin-back," and to describe it I cannot do better than relate how my latest charge, Black Diamond, has been coaxed along for the past eighteen months, from a condition of wild nature to one of controlled efficiency and technical perfection as a circus performer.

When I was first introduced to him, Black Diamond was a green, untamed four year old, a handsome, high-spirited animal standing 15.2—an ideal height for this class of work. An English thoroughbred, he had come from a West of England farm, and I doubt whether he had ever known a bridle, or even seen a proper stable in his life.

On the first meeting, I threw a leg over him—and was instantly shot over his head. I tried again, and encountered the same swift fate.

Nothing wrong in that, of course. A bit of liveliness at this stage is all to the good. I stayed in his box, talking quietly to him for a time, and then left him alone until the following morning.

Then we went to work. It is a good plan in training all circus horses to take them into the practice ring as soon as possible; nothing is gained by allowing them to "settle down" in their box. If there is any settling down to be done it is accomplished far more quickly, and more happily for the animal, by starting school without delay.

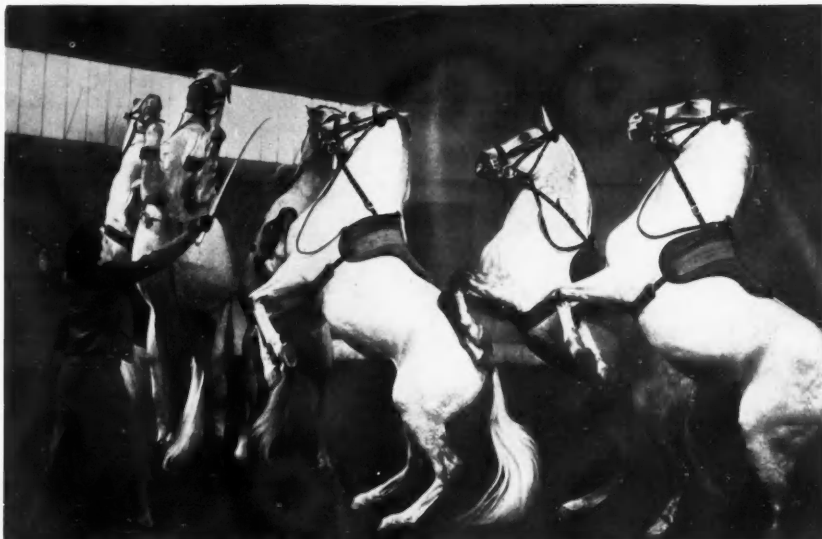
First he was bridled, and given a run round on the lunge—the long rein fixed on the snaffle bit which controls him while he canters round, free of saddle or rider. Now and again, two or three times only, I gave him a touch on the flank with the whip—a light touch, just sufficient to get him accustomed to the whip, which, let it be stressed, is never used for punishment, but merely to prompt him, later on, for certain leg movements.

After perhaps twenty minutes of this free running, Black Diamond was saddled—for the first time in his life. I got up and found him much quieter; the exercise had worked off some of his freshness. First I walked him round a few times, then gave him a few turns at the trot, and finally at the gallop. Then, very gently, I tightened the curb rein—the first attempt to induce him to pull in his head. The moment he did so, I let it go again.

That is vitally important. Never press your advantage, once the horse has responded in the way you want. He will do it all the quicker next time.

Within forty minutes of starting practice, Black Diamond was back in his stall, finished for the day, and no doubt thinking it wasn't such a bad life after all.

For a few days that programme was repeated, until he was thoroughly at home in the ring, and on good terms with bridle, saddle and rider. The next step was to set to work on his legs. For a fortnight I worked on the ground with him, holding the



LIBERTY ARABS IN TRAINING FOR OLYMPIA

lunge in one hand and touching his leg with a stick held in the other. The object was to persuade him to raise his leg and, as he did so, to pull him gently forward so that he achieved that high-stepping advance on which all his future work was based. It is essential, by the way, to keep a high school horse moving forward all the time.

On the principle of stopping immediately success is achieved, as soon as he raised one leg satisfactorily, work ceased. One small triumph at a time is the whole secret. Let a horse become confused or bored at this stage, through asking too much of him, and grave damage may be done.

As it was, Black Diamond matured from day to day, taking an interest in his work, learning to lift his leg higher—first one leg, then the other, always stepping forward as he did so, and finally with a rider on his back. At first I would give him a tap with a stick on the leg side and a touch with a blunt spur on the opposite side. Eventually I was able to dispense with stick and spurs, using the pressure of the calf.

Meanwhile one had to control the angle of his head. A high school horse, throughout his work, should hold his head at roughly 45 degrees, and by delicate pressure on snaffle and curb reins this can usually be effected without difficulty. The trick here is to be light-handed—no jerking or tugging, but a light, firm pull from the wrists.

From this point, Black Diamond was ready for his first simple manoeuvres. All high school horses learn first the Spanish March and then the changing legs at the gallop. On these are based all the subsequent dance steps. From the Spanish March—raising legs at the march—come the Spanish Trot, the Polka and the Passage; from the change-leg gallop come the 1-tempo, 2-tempo and the pirouette.

The effective finale—in which the horse rears on its hind legs—is achieved by the rider holding both reins and giving a touch of both spurs simultaneously.

Black Diamond showed such intelligence and good memory throughout his training that I decided to try a trick that I have never seen performed before—persuading him to high-step at the trot round the top of the ring fence. This latter is only sixteen inches wide, and the horse must be guided at every step—yet Black Diamond has learnt that trick with only two false steps throughout his training. The first day we tried, he took seven paces. That was enough. He was at once taken back to his stall and given a feed of hay.

Well pleased with himself, he covered a dozen paces the following day—and again earned a quick reward. He quickly associated reward with endeavour, and the battle was won. To-day he walks, and even trots, around that narrow ring fence as though it were a broad highway.

And after all this patient training, a high school horse may be no use in the ring. I have known some who have worked admirably at practice but who positively refused to perform before a crowd. With Black Diamond, as soon as he was shaping nicely, we had loud-speakers and powerful arcs fitted in the practice ring, and every morning at rehearsal, a small army of lads and grooms would stand round the ring, clapping and whistling and waving papers. To our great relief, Black Diamond showed not a trace of nerves, and indeed, with the superb aplomb of an opera star, seemed to take it all for granted. He is, in fact, a thoroughly honest, intelligent, non-temperamental performer, and when he makes his début in the ring at Olympia this Christmas he will, I am confident, prove himself a star exponent of high school art.



BLACK DIAMOND, THE NEW HIGH SCHOOL HORSE IN THE BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS

ENGLISH PASTELS

A NEGLECTED ART

THE caprices of fashion are well exemplified by the present position of English pastels, of which it is safe to say that never have they been so disregarded and undervalued. True, the prejudice against pastels is not quite consistent: living artists have employed it with success, while anyone so simple as to suppose that because a work by Degas was in pastel it might be had for a song would be sharply disillusioned.

Crayon portraits—crayon and pastel may be treated as synonymous—do not seem to have been painted in England before Charles II's reign; and specimens of that period are rare. By Edward Ashfield, "A Master of the Art of Crayon," there are a few small portraits dated between 1673 and 1675. Most of these "paintings" (the term is orthodox, if unsatisfactory) are loose and atmospheric, very original in colour, and with strongly accented high lights in the long, flowing hair. Of Ashfield's pupil, Edward Lutterell, not much that is really favourable can be said: his practice seems to have been mainly among the professional classes, and the stolid appearance of his sitters is not relieved by lightness of touch.

In the brief list of Stuart pastellists Samuel Cooper may be included, though when Norgate writes of his youthful practice in crayons that it was a question whether in this medium "he

doe not exceed himself," he was referring to drawings in black and white chalk. He says that for likeness they "cannot be mended with colours"; but Cooper did not always confine himself to monochrome. A miniature pastel portrait of the artist at the Victoria and Albert Museum (Fig. 2) has a pedigree which inspires confidence, while its qualities relate it closely to

his miniatures. But it would be hard to cite another example for which so much can be claimed. Pastels shared to the full the general eclipse of English portraiture in the early eighteenth century, and with few exceptions examples of that date are miserable daubs.

For the revival of the art that set in about 1740 foreign influences were mainly responsible. Rosalba's charming feminine works enjoyed a reputation throughout Europe; pastels by Mengs were regarded as one of the chief attractions of the Dresden Gallery; while the Genoese pastellist, Jean Etienne Liotard, called "le peintre turc" from his Oriental costume and affectations, in

one visit to England accumulated six or seven thousand pounds. William Hoare and George Knapton lack the technical accomplishment of these foreigners; but Hoare attained a great reputation at Bath, and was greatly admired for his "particular grace and beauty in manner of colouring and the disposition of the heads." He learnt something from Battoni, and at his best



1.—LORDS ONSLOW, FITZWILLIAM, AND PEMBROKE, by Daniel Gardner
At Clandon Park



2.—SELF PORTRAIT, by Samuel Cooper
Victoria and Albert Museum



3.—NATHANIEL HILLIER, by John Russell
At Clandon Park



4.—MISS MARSH, by J. R. Smith
Victoria and Albert Museum



5.—THE SECOND DUKE OF LEINSTER, by Hugh
Douglas Hamilton. At Carton

has a light hand and a nice taste in colour. Knapton, who is more interesting in oil than chalk, was the master of Francis Cotes, a foundation member of the Royal Academy, in whom England at last produced a pastellist who could compete with his foreign rivals on equal terms. Cotes was cut off in his prime, but throughout the 'fifties he was painting portraits in pastel which, says Horace Walpole, "if they yield to Rosalba's in softness, excel hers in vivacity and invention." They are all the better for yielding: Rosalba was too soft. They show a shrewd appreciation of character, and moreover, in design and charm of colour, were much superior to anything yet attempted in England. Cotes himself cited a few of "the finest examples that are known in this branch of painting," and included among them, "if it will not be deemed too much presumption," a portrait of his father which belongs to the Royal Academy. It is sufficient praise to say of his works in this kind that, despite their English sobriety, the best will bear comparison with the pastel portraits of Perroneau and Maurice-Quentin de La Tour, both of whom visited England.

An essay found among Cotes' papers at his death provides a persuasive vindication of the medium, and is as valid to-day as when it was first written. Crayon pictures, he claims, may with care be preserved "for many centuries," but must on no account be hung in damp rooms, for the paste used in preparing the grounds will inevitably mildew. As they have a powdery surface, such pictures must never be left without a glass; but these simple precautions once observed they have strong recommendations. The tints are durable, and pastels "by candle-light are luminous and beautiful beyond all other pictures." Finally, he pronounces that fine crayon pictures are highly decorative in rooms that are "not too large."

Daniel Gardner, who succeeded Cotes as a fashionable painter in pastel, was a pupil of Romney, but pilfered poses and composition from Reynolds. In his attempt to rival the force and brilliance of oils he played odd experimental tricks with the medium; but he seems to have known what he was about, for his pastels are seldom found in bad

condition, and are painted in a kind of thick opaque paste with no loose powder on the surface. Gardner was very prolific, and produced large portrait groups brilliant in colour but often abominably drawn. The most attractive of his works are his studies of women's heads, which are delightfully spontaneous and light in touch.

Another pastellist with a great contemporary reputation was John Russell, R.A., portrait painter to George III and the Prince of Wales. He studied under Cotes, but failed to acquire his master's delicate colour sense, and his large portraits are not always free from a taint of vulgarity. Yet Russell's men are sometimes extremely forcible, distinguished in drawing, and admirably lit. Failing invariably when he tried to be elegant, he is at his best in the rendering of old age. In 1772 he published a treatise, "Elements of Painting in Crayons"; twenty years later he charged as high as Reynolds for a half-length.

Among the most attractive of the minor masters of this time is Hugh Douglas Hamilton, the Irish artist who settled in London. Most of his pastels are small, while in colour he is reticent, with a partiality for soft blues and dove greys. The "Duke of Leinster," one of his rare full-lengths (Fig. 5), shows how complete on occasion was Hamilton's command of the medium.

The name of J. R. Smith cannot be left out from even the most cursory survey of English pastels. Though his fame rests on his engravings, he exhibited a large number of small crayon portraits between 1779 and 1805. The third Duke of Richmond was among

his first patrons, and at Goodwood there is a remarkable group of Smith's pastels, representing friends of the Duke well known in society and all painted on a single visit about 1785. At this date he was charging two guineas for a head and sometimes accounted for forty sitters a week. "Very bright and spirited" his pastels were thought, and indeed they exactly fulfil the artist's aim to provide a decorative trifle which should charm by its careless ease and yet win applause for its "great truth and resemblance."

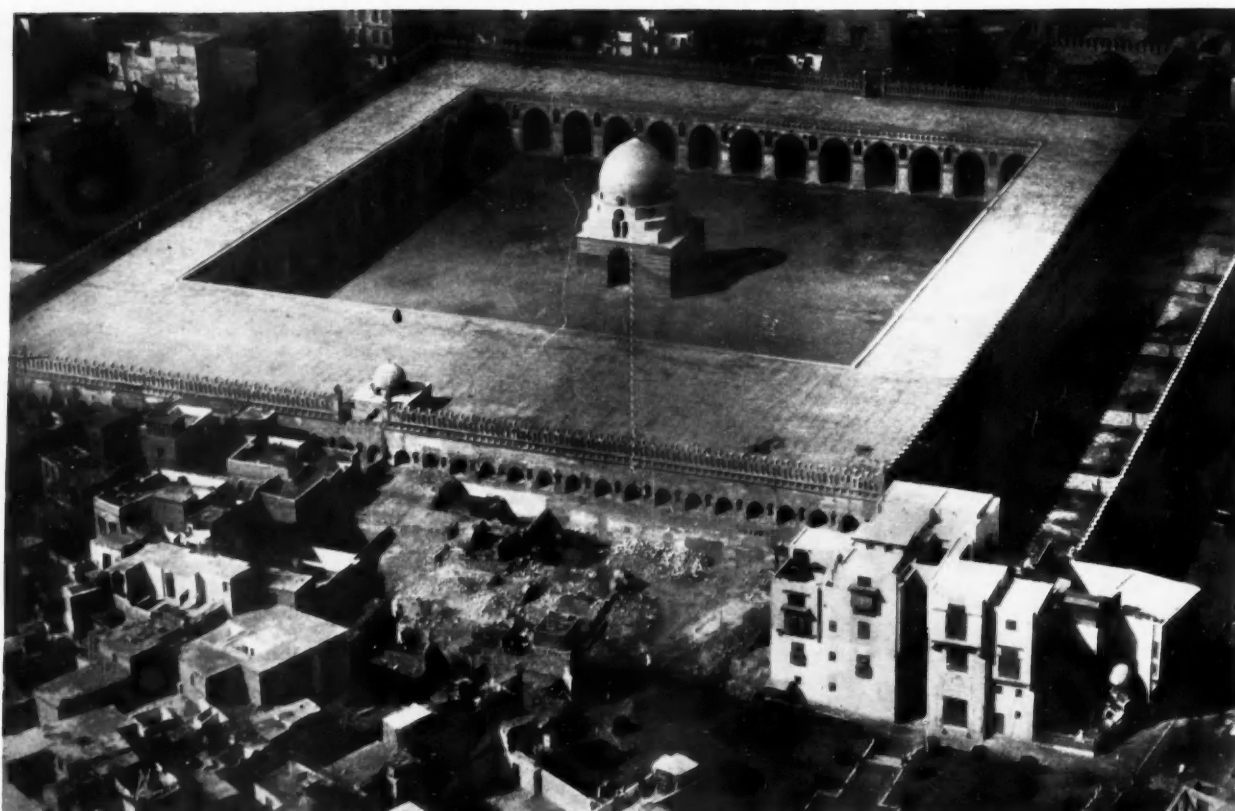
RALPH EDWARDS,



6.—SONS OF THE SECOND LORD GRANTHAM, by Daniel Gardner

A MAMELUKE HOUSE IN OLD CAIRO

THE BAYT-EL-KREDLEA



Photograph, Royal Egyptian Air Force

1.—THE MOSQUE OF IBN TULUN WITH THE BAYT-EL-KREDLEA AT THE BOTTOM RIGHT-HAND CORNER OF IT

EGYPT, since its predynastic or stone ages always a world-centre and focus of civilisation, may well be considered the main source and inspiration of all architecture. For has it not a continuous record of at least six thousand years of supreme building to its credit; each successive conquest establishing a new and individual school of superlative merit?

So it is that after three and a half millennia of those Pharaonic achievements—pyramids, temples, and tombs—which then as now constituted one of the wonders of mankind, came successive Greek, Roman and Byzantine dominations that

made and maintained Alexandria for nigh on a thousand years among the three finest cities of antiquity, and the Delta an opulent Levantine colony.

Of all this classical grandeur to-day no trace remains standing save one solitary column, the so-called "Pompey's Pillar" at Alexandria. In its place, however, built from its stones, there blossomed yet another "flower of architecture," Grand Cairo, that was to become the city of the Arabian Nights, a place of splendour and romance, one of the centres of the entirely new and original art of Islam.

Of all the Mohammedan dynasties that have ruled this country, through many vicissitudes from the Arab conquest (A.D. 640) until to-day, that of the Mamelukes—originally Caucasian mercenaries who revolted and seized the Government—was among the most virile, as well as artistic. It is to the five centuries (A.D. 1254–1811) of their supremacy that we owe the majority of those imposing structures still extant in Cairo, most of its mosques, its citadel, palaces, gateways and domestic buildings, among these latter the house we are about to describe.

This—the Bayt-el-Kredlea by name, or "abode of the Cretan lady"—is a complete and beautiful example of a typical sixteenth-seventeenth century Mameluke Bey's or "baron's" dwelling, built at a time when each man's house must be his castle, equipped for siege and proof against battery, yet offering comfort and privacy within.

The place was acquired some three years ago by the



2.—THE COURTYARD FROM A LATTICE WINDOW OF THE HAREM

ever-vigilant "Comité de conservation des monuments Arabes," and made over by the Egyptian Government, for his life, to the present owner, Major Gayer Anderson Bey, a well known connoisseur and collector, who until his retirement was a senior official in the Egyptian Service and Oriental Secretary to the then High Commissioner (the late Lord Allenby).

For his part it was stipulated that he should equip the premises entirely with ancient furnishings of the period and

of Ibn Tulun, itself one of the masterpieces of Early Islamic architecture and over four acres in extent.

It is not so apparent, however, that the house completely surrounds and covers over the main entrance to the mosque, the narrow lane leading to which divides the building into two nearly equal blocks: that on the right (early seventeenth century) being the house proper, the family dwelling or *haramlek*, complete in itself and entirely *à l'arabe* in its furnishings.



3.—THE EAST SIDE OF THE COURTYARD, SHOWING THE STAIRS LEADING TO THE LOGGIA FOR MEN GUESTS

establish himself and his extensive collections there, with the intention that not only should it afford him a mediæval home but would remain in perpetuity a museum of Oriental domestic art and craft much in the same category as the Soane Museum in London and the Bayt-el-Azam in Damascus.

As may be seen from the air photograph (Fig. 1), the Bayt-el-Kredlea is actually attached to the south-east, here the right-hand, corner of the magnificent ninth century mosque

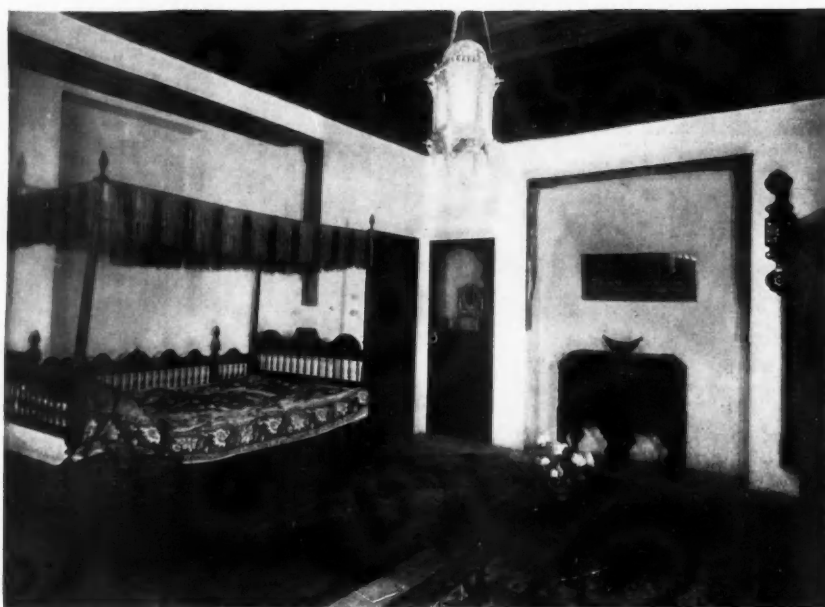
That on the left (early sixteenth century) constitutes the *samalek* or men's hostel, for the accommodation of retainers and the entertainment of guests. Hence its magnificent reception-hall, still under repair, which, with its galleries and side chambers, occupies the entire first and second storeys of the block. Above this are various other rooms in occupation which will be referred to later.

A stroll through any side street of old Cairo will reveal

how fortress-like the exterior of a Mameluke house may be, and how it gives and is intended to give no indication of what lies within. The barred windows on the ground storey are so small and placed so high, while the upper windows are so guarded by their *meshrubias*—intricate turned-wood lattices—that no one can get a glimpse of the interior.

The four entrances, too, that lead within are not direct, but constructed as short Z-shaped passages so as to safeguard against direct attack and baffle the inquisitive eye. It is not until we pass through one of these zig-zag entrances, therefore, and reach the central court beyond that the house fully reveals itself.

One of the decorated façades of this courtyard, round which the whole structure and life of the house centres, is shown in Fig. 3. The ground floor, as here seen, is devoted to servants' quarters, kitchen, store-rooms and the like, each entered through a handsome arched doorway, while recessed into one corner is a deep well sufficient for all requirements. The outside stair-way seen on the right, leads to a spacious loggia of two arches, which has a handsome decorated ceiling inscribed with the date (A.D. 1630), name, and genealogy of the founder, a certain Hagg, or "pilgrim," Mohamed Salem Galmoum, about whom, unfortunately, we know nothing more. Such a loggia was reserved for the master and his male guests. Off it opens a second reception-room for men (Fig. 5), a lofty apartment completely surrounded by divans and supplied with all manly requisites, long-stemmed pipes, hubble-bubbles, play-boards, arms, etc.



4.—A LADY'S LIVING-ROOM, WITH AN ANTIQUE FOUR-POSTER OF INDIAN ROSEWOOD

On the opposite side of the court, approached through a special entrance, up a private flight of stairs and through a small watch or guard chamber, is the *hareem* (Fig. 7), a common-room for the women of the house and their visitors.

This room, as it should be, is the most beautiful in the house, for it is lofty, richly decorated, and lit from all sides through its latticed windows, those facing the street being so fine in mesh as to obscure the view completely, while the ones looking into the court are

sufficiently open to allow a pleasant vista across it (Fig. 2).

These three main apartments, together with some subsidiary rooms, and a cleverly contrived secret chamber, occupy the whole of the first or reception floor of the house.

The rest of the chambers upstairs were reserved for the master, his women and children, for by Moslem law each wife—to the authorised number of four—was entitled to a separate suite or at least a room to herself. One such private apartment is shown in Fig. 4, furnished with an ample and ancient Oriental four-poster, an unusual feature, since generally a roll of bedding sufficed, put away during the day.

At the top of the main stairs is a delightful roof garden, reserved for the ladies and therefore sheltered by surrounding *meshrubia* walls from the outside gaze. From here two covered ways bridge across the intervening lane and pass to the upper storey of the *salamlek*, where the series of rooms already mentioned are devoted by the owner to special purposes—a library, a small picture-gallery, etc., or to certain periods of furnishing,



5.—THE INNER RECEPTION-ROOM FOR MEN, SURROUNDED BY DIVANS



6.—ANCIENTLY A PUBLIC DRINKING FOUNTAIN, NOW USED AS THE SERVANTS' HALL



7.—THE HAREEM



8.—A TURKISH-BAROQUE ROOM, PERIOD OF MOHAMMED ALI (*circa* 1800) WITH THE THRONE-CHAIR OF THE KHEDIVE ISMAIL

including Persian and Turkish. Of these the latter, as shown in Fig. 8 is, perhaps, the most interesting: a Turkish baroque apartment, its florid quasi-European style in striking contrast to the more severe Arab decorations of the house proper. To complete the picture, this room is furnished with an Aubusson carpet and a Louis XVI suite from the palace of Ismail Pasha, including that monarch's throne chair surmounted by the Khedivial crown.

The Bayt-el-Kredlea has two interesting attachments: the first, a little white-domed tomb of a *sheikh* or saint, built into one corner, for such burials on the premises were believed to bring blessing and protection to a house. The second is a drinking fountain or *sebile*, incorporated within the south-west

corner through the two large bronze grilles of which the thirsty dipped and drank—a great boon in days before main water was “laid on.” Now, however, these spacious conveniences throughout old Cairo are put to other uses. That shown in Fig. 6 acts as a servants' hall and for the reception of their native friends. As will be seen, it has, in common with all such *sebiles*, a severe and mosque-like interior befitting its “pious foundation.”

This ends a brief survey of an unusual and beautiful Oriental dwelling which affords not only a pleasant abode but at the same time constitutes a museum of comparative Oriental art and custom, which the owner continues to add to and improve year by year.

LONDON ENTERTAINMENT

THE THEATRE

STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM.—*Theatre*: New. *Author*: Merton Hodge (after Olive Schreiner). *Producer*: Basil Dean. *Players*: Curigwen Lewis, Richard Newton, Alexis France, Mary Clare, and others.

Olive Schreiner's *Story of an African Farm* is, without reservation, a great novel; and great novels are notoriously difficult to translate to the stage. Of the dangers in his path Merton Hodge was clearly fully aware, as his quotation on the programme indicates, and before indulging in certain criticisms it is necessary to say that he has been more successful than one could have believed possible, for at many points he has preserved the white-heat of Schreiner's inspiration. But much of that inspiration defies translation to the stage. The terrifyingly true and beautiful study of childhood with which the second part of the novel begins; the split-soul of Waldo and Lyndall; the horrible simplicity of the character of Gregory Rose; these things, and others, must for ever elude the ingenuity of the would-be adapter. The characters are there, they remind us, often vividly, of our friends in the book; but every moment we are conscious of lacking that cumulation of thought and experience, that vital complexity, which Olive Schreiner so marvelously built up not merely in terms of two autobiographical characters, but also in terms of her own secret and deeper-than-autobiographical self.

Then again there are the exigencies of stage characterisation; the delicacies of emphasis tend to be missed. In Dr. Hodge's version Waldo has a big part, but only the outer weakness of the character appears. Lyndall therefore predominates. “There is a place in this life for woman, quite apart from marriage,” she says, and this remark almost sums up her main philosophy. But in this, alas! the Lyndall of the play falls far short of the Lyndall of the book. Worst of all, and quite inevitably, Bonaparte Blenkins, that magnificent and merciless caricature of the world's meanness and cruelty, overshadows the stage version too much. Tant' Sannie and Em, however, take their rightful place, and for most of the time step straight from the book. And real praise is due to Dr. Hodge for raising the children's ages in Act I without our realising the change.

It would be a pity, however, if these considerations should deter anyone from visiting the New Theatre. Those who have read and loved the book will at the least recapture much of its feeling; the major spiritual values they can supply, if they will, from their own memories. No one, indeed, should miss Richard Newton's sensitive and sincere playing as Waldo, overshadowed though he is by Dr. Hodge's unconcealed preference for Lyndall, who is superbly portrayed by Curigwen Lewis; these two, indeed, can re-create Schreiner's moods for us if anyone can. Mary Clare as Tant' Sannie, Aubrey Dexter as Bonaparte, and Alexis France as Em, are all admirable; and I for one would like to have seen more of Frank Birch as Otto.

Finally, the production by Basil Dean is very good. Most of the play is set in the farmhouse, cross-sectioned for us with considerable ingenuity, and the timing and interplay of action on the different levels is admirably done; it is only in the rather post-cardish death scene in the wagon that an air of artificiality mars the drama of the moment. I should perhaps add that in the stage version there is no appearance of Gregory Rose disguised as a nurse. Perhaps it is as well; we are only human, after all.

Other Plays

Chauve Souris (Fortune).—Welcome return of a long-established favourite.

Number Six (Aldwych).—Edgar Wallace may be dead, but his prolific works continue. This is a new thriller, starring Gordon Harker, with Franklin Dyall and Bernard Lee.

Under Your Hat (Palace).—A real success, and a welcome one, for Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge, once again partners on the stage.

PANTOMIMES

Red Riding Hood (Covent Garden).—Spectacle and humour, with Polly Ward, George Jackley, and Nelson Keys as the Dame. **Babes in the Wood** (Drury Lane).—Spectacle and humour, with Fay Compton, Jack Edge, and G. S. Melvin as the Dame.

Queen of Hearts (Lyceum).—Spectacle and humour, with Arnold Bell, the O'Gorman Brothers, and Clarkson Rose as the Dame.

THE CINEMA

PROSPECT FOR 1939.—“The moving picture lights, and having lit, moves on.” After a year of film-going it is quite alarming to realise how little one remembers of the hundreds of thousands of expensive seconds one has sat through. A face, a landscape, a phrase, a violent action or a graceful gesture—that is about all that remains from most of the much publicised screen sensations of the year. A complete film, memorable as such, is a rarity.

So, in looking forward to another year of cinema, one tends to talk in terms of trends or crazes, and to discount the plums whose succulence the publicity departments are already dangling before us with cries of prophetic enthusiasm. I am too hardened a film-goer to anticipate with any great eagerness the Hollywood version of *Wuthering Heights*. I prefer to wait and see.

But we can all wish, however wistfully; and looking ahead with the usual misgivings I wish, as usual, for a greater sense of responsibility among film-makers. I wish that the Hollywood people would give crazy-comedies a rest, destroy for ever the fashion for whimsical pseudo-philosophies which Capra started, restore the Marx Brothers to their anarchic freedom, and continue to make films on the major social problems of the States (but with less concessions to sentimentality). I wish especially for more themes like *Pasteur* and *Zola* and *Yellow Jack*; for here the film can kindle the social sense of the ordinary man, and instil in him a real enthusiasm for the struggles and victories of Peace, as being more exciting and more genuine than the guns, the bombs, the flags and the bugles.

But what should interest us most of all are the films of our own country. There have been signs of late that our films are becoming truly British, instead of cosmopolitan mongrels produced in British studios. Hitchcock, whether indulging in fantasies on Balkan expresses or chasing hero and heroine across a truly English countryside, always achieves this quality. Asquith, whose *Pygmalion* was one of the year's better efforts, will, I hope, be given in 1939 every opportunity to exercise his real genius. And let us hope that more and more producers will follow the example of Victor Saville and Ian Dalrymple, whose recent films—*South Riding* and *The Citadel*—are in a tradition true to our own people and landscapes. It was never more important than to-day that our national life and work and problems be projected on the world's screens with truth and sincerity; this is a lasting propaganda far more powerful than the trumpeting and tantrums of totalitarian régimes.

In this connection we can already point proudly to the documentary film, a home-grown product, and one in which this country leads the world. Here already in existence are a number of films which discuss and dramatise the facts and problems of our daily lives, and which breathe into bare words like Nutrition, Unemployment, Education, or Research, that spirit of excitement and understanding which should, in any true democracy, be the civic sense of all good citizens. These films, whether sponsored by Government departments, national bodies, or a large commercial undertaking, will be some of our finest ambassadors in our cinema at the New York World's Fair. Many of them deal with problems which the citizens of the United States are now facing in common with ourselves. These films will therefore have a double value: they will show Americans what we are doing, and at the same time they will help to create a bond, not merely of sentiment, but also of sympathetic understanding between the two peoples.

In 1939 we need to fill many of the gaps in the documentary field; for the makers of these films are dependent on the sponsor's will, and an organised plan for covering all aspects of our community, though not lacking, cannot as yet be coherently carried out. The first and most urgent gap to be filled is that of Agriculture, and I should like to see at least one film aimed at bridging the gap between the scientists at their research stations and the farmers in their fields. As I write, a north-easter and a black frost have entire charge of my ground; fifty new fruit trees lie heeled in, covered with matting and straw, waiting for better weather. For me the prospect would be much gloomier were I not in touch, whether in person or by reading, with research stations like East Malling and with the results of new and important experiments from all quarters. But how many others are in a like position? It is not for lack of good will; it is the machinery of dissemination that is lacking. Let us have more documentaries on agricultural subjects in 1939.

GEORGE MARSDEN.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

THE AFTER DINNER BARRIE

M'Connachie and J. M. B. Speeches by J. M. Barrie. (Peter Davies, 7s. 6d.)

TO read a collection of Barrie's speeches is to realise how much one missed by not hearing them spoken. Often and often, it is true, the charm and the deftness are both apparent, and the sudden turn of the words, with its invaluable element of surprise, catches the reader as delightfully as it must have caught his audience and dissolved their puzzled expectation in ripples of laughter. At other times some of his "whimsies" seem in the reading to miss fire, but one imagines that they did not do so when spoken because of the personality of the speaker and his dramatic skill. Barrie's canary, for instance, that so often appears in his speeches, can be enchanting as at the lunch he gave to Lord Grey on his seventieth birthday. The canary is represented as having no knowledge of Lord Grey the statesman, but "presently he cried out 'You don't mean Our Grey?' 'Who is your Grey?' I asked. 'The birds' Grey,' he said, 'the man the grey squirrels are called after.' He burst into song." That must obviously bring down the house; it is charming as it is ingenious; but there are other occasions on which I confess to growing a little tired of this canary, such as as that on which the bird is supposed to be making bids at an auction, made in fact by Barrie himself. Yet I have no doubt that the joke went swimmingly, punctuated by delighted little quirks of laughter. Merely to read it is not fair to it. Now and again the joke does seem really laboured, as in the talk to First Hundred at Eton about Captain Hook's career there. It is hard to believe that any acting made a success of it. It is difficult to avoid that overworked word "whimsical," which Barrie himself hated. In his speech to the Critics' Circle he said: "Your word for me would probably be fantastic. I was quite prepared to hear it from your Chairman because I felt he could not be so shabby as to say whimsical and that he might forget to say elusive. If you knew how dejected these terms have often made me." Doubtless they did, and yet one cannot help feeling that Barrie sometimes deliberately "asked for" them. He seems to me always at his best when he is reminiscent, especially in Scotland. He may be sentimental, but it is with the most winning of sentimentalities. Here is one engaging example. He is speaking at Kirriemuir of a walk with one of his boyhood's friends. "Mr. Robb said to me gruffly, in case we got sentimental you know: 'We used to have a private way of whistling to each other.' 'Did we,' I said, growling for the same reason. We were both so thrwn, you understand, that it would have flichtered a Southerner. 'I could do it now,' he said. 'Oh,' I said. 'I suppose you have forgotten it?' said he. 'It was a long time ago,' I said. 'Just so,' said he. But I could see by his face that he wished I had remembered. I couldn't keep it up any longer, so I joukit behind a tree and whistled our whistle."

GREETING 1939

THE new books of reference appear to greet the New Year—the Year is dead, long live the Year—and when one has commented on what are now commonplace in almost every case—their handiness, the width of the field covered, the soundness of the information given—other points of interest deserve appreciation. For instance, that great book, *Debrett's Peerage* (Dean and Son, £5 5s.), besides every other recommendation, has a most interesting preface recording many facts which in the press of events had, with most of us, slipped from memory if they had not escaped notice. The design of the badge for the House of Windsor approved by H.M. the King is one of these, and another is the interesting fact that in August His Majesty granted to the Earl of Strathmore a Royal Augmentation to his arms. Incidentally, the illustration which accompanies this note shows H.M. the Queen's arms with the King's or dexter side of the shield shown in the Scottish

manner. It is the work of Messrs. John Crawford and Co. of Glasgow in collaboration with Mr. John A. Stewart of Inchmahome, convener of the armorial section of the Empire Exhibition, where it was displayed. It is now the property of the Queen. *Who's Who* (A. and C. Black, 63s.; library edition with leather back, 68s.) is claimed by its publishers to be "The world's most Comprehensive Guide to the World's Most Prominent People," and it is a very good description of an invaluable book. This year's edition contains 40,000 biographies. An old friend, appearing for the second time in its new guise, is *Kelly's Handbook of Distinguished People* (Kelly's Directories, 40s.), known for sixty-three years of its sixty-five as "Kelly's Handbook to the Titled Landed and Official Classes." It has a definite niche of its own, and anyone much engrossed with matters of the day cannot afford to be without it.

For the Londoner, *Kelly's Royal Blue Book and Parliamentary Guide* (Kelly's Directories, 10s. 6d.), with its theatre seating guide and London street plan, is a splendid simplifier of life, social and professional.

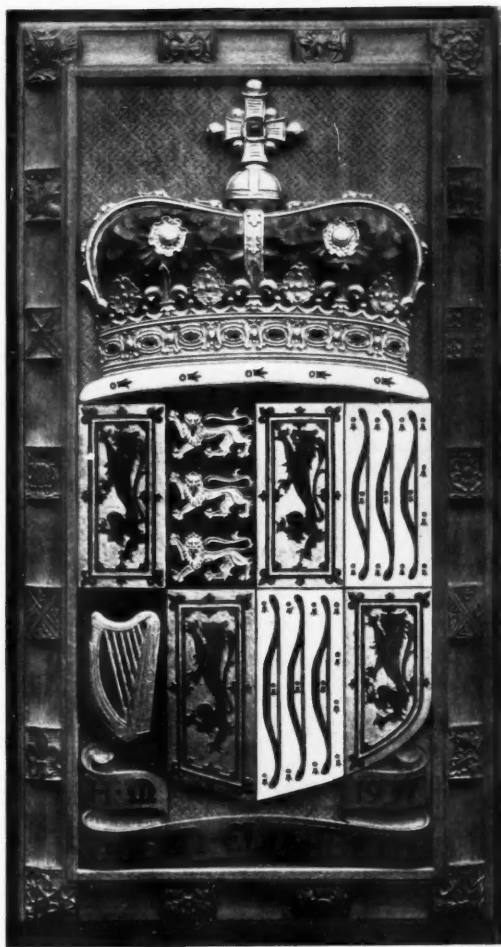
Whitaker's Almanack (library edition with thirteen coloured maps, 12s. 6d.; complete edition, 6s.; abridged edition, 3s.) is, as usual, a miracle of clearness and compression, and up-to-date in the fullest meaning of the word. Anyone who wishes to grasp the events of last year or the possibilities of next will find "Whitaker" a most useful text book.

The Hunting Diary and Guide for the Season 1938-39 (Goldsmith, post free, 5s. 6d.) is a perfect encyclopedia of useful hunting information and contains also a most handy diary for the hunting months. From Messrs. Vinton we have received the forty-second edition of *Baily's Hunting Directory* (10s. 6d. and 15s.) containing information as to 572 hunts in all parts of the world. The Hunt Steeplechase Section is most important and useful.

The Trains Go South, by Temple Lane. (Jarrolds, 7s. 6d.) "ALL novels should be written by women," says Mr. Lynn Doyle in the Introduction to this book. "Women are closer than men to the really important things of life. They are priestesses of the rites that make up most of our lives, the unending matters of eating and drinking and loving and adjusting ourselves to the personalities of those with whom we come into close and daily contact." This is a story of maladjustments in daily life and of the efforts of the people concerned to win their way through adverse circumstances to that conquest of circumstances which makes a happiness above good luck. The saving motive, not often stressed in novels, is a daughter's almost religious love for a heroic father. The train goes from Dublin to the lovely county of Waterford, bearing people whose lives Fate is using for her jig-saw puzzle. Miss Lane knows her country well—its "fishful streams," its pleasant Georgian houses, its squalid little towns,

and oh! how well she knows its people, the real tricks of speech—"Goodbye now," "I done it," "that one" (a contemptuous phrase); these where the outsider scatters "Sure" and "begorrah." While Miss Lane, as a poet, is happy in describing Ireland's outward loveliness, she excels in drawing people of the lower middle-class. With a faithful realism she pictures the vulgar. But such is her kindness and truth that "in the heel o' the hunt" I find myself liking common little Jimmy Finnegan, the Bookie, as much as any of them. And if Miss Lane falls back on pneumonia to solve a problem—how many a novelist has done it before her.

The Roof-tree, by James Kenward. (Oxford University Press, 8s. 6d.) IT is a simple, noble old story—the career of the domestic timber roof from its prehistoric hut origins to our farmhouses and, last of all, the marquee of the village flower show. Mr. Kenward loves its brave shapes, its wrought oak structure, the colour and texture of its coverings, and all the human developments that underlie them. To him these roofs are a symbol of a continuous way of life among country folk, and he takes the roofs and people of a Kentish village as representing it. The remote origins of common things about the traditional house are not generally realised, and the tracing of them is indeed a profitable and exciting theme. It has been done authoritatively by C. F. Innocent and Sidney Addy, whose technical conclusions Mr. Kenward has humanised in rather wistful prose and illustrated with wash drawings of exceptional quality, some of which have already been reproduced in *COUNTRY LIFE*. The book would make an excellent holiday present to a boy or girl who shows signs of being interested in country things.



THE ARMS OF H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH
Carved in oak and emblazoned in colour by Messrs.
John Crawford and Co., in collaboration with Mr.
John A. Stewart of Inchmahome

The shield shows the King's arms quartered for Scotland, impaled with the arms of a daughter of the noble family of Bowes-Lyon, Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne, descended from the illustrious Sir John Lyon of Glamis, Chamberlain of Scotland, Keeper of Edinburgh Castle, and his wife Princess Jean Stewart, daughter of Robert II, King of Scots

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CONCERNING CORN-BUNTINGS

By RALPH CHISLETT

I HAVE friends who despise the corn-bunting. His plumage is as plain as his song is incessant and ridiculous. Moreover, to select a conspicuous perch on which to display his somewhat inelegant form, and from which to call such unmusical notes, by human standards signifies stupidity. Surely he should be content with less self-advertisement. Nevertheless I like him. He has a humorous aspect such as is not very common among birds. He is something of a rake in a respectable way: for he practises polygamy.

Although a breeder in my district of South Yorkshire, the bird is not often seen here between autumn and spring. We do not expect to hear his voice before early April, but on February 18th of last year, to be exact, my wife heard a corn-bunting singing from the hedge bordering the garden. On the next day I heard and saw him myself. The jangle of notes, like the sound of a bunch of keys rattled for a second, was unmistakable. I had never heard the species singing so early in the year.

Although the cock corn-bunting arrives on the scene of his triumphs and disappointments early, he breeds late. Odd birds may be heard anywhere in cultivated districts. The species also breeds socially in many places near to the coast, and not infrequently on rising ground inland. Wherever he is, one cannot pass him over; he advertises so successfully, though not for our benefit. Knowing something of his character, we can imagine the meaning of his song to be: "If any fluffy female wants a mate, here am I." Rarely, I imagine, does he sing through a season in vain. The hens are quiet, meek birds, well suited for such a domineering male.

Although the cocks will have been singing from their perches for weeks previously, few corn-buntings have eggs before mid-June, and later rather than earlier is the rule. Many hens do not lay until July, and the season continues into August.

In South Yorkshire, nests are placed on the ground, usually in growing crops. Most favoured is a field of oats, barley, wheat or clover, in which also grow some useful clumps of thistles. Often the nest is placed among the thistles, or so near to them that they mark the spot effectively, either to a bird fluttering across the level corn, or to him who watches the bird drop into the corn.

To find a nest, it is advisable first to watch and listen to the cock on his perch. There he "fizzles" from his favourite tree, or bush, or wire. Often finches are gathered about him on the wire, apparently admiring his efforts. We watch without admiring, but occasionally we smile.

The focus of interest to a cock corn-bunting in late June or July is the place where his mate sits. His vantage perch has to command that spot, or spots. He takes her no food. Every hour or two she must come away to feed herself. The cock

always notes her departure. His song suddenly ceases, and he takes a level direct flight to join her. When she returns, in twenty minutes or less, we are waiting to see where she drops. She may come back alone, or he may come with her; in which case she will drop into the corn to her nest, while he will fly back to his perch. "Fizzle-izzle-izzle"—there he is again, whether he escorted her back to the nest or not. And now we know roughly where the nest is.

If the season is well advanced and we continue to watch the cock, before long he may evince interest in another part of the field, or in the corner of the field beyond the hedge, where already a hen may have young. Last year I watched a cock corn-bunting with a keen interest in hens nesting in three places in the same large field. His perch was ideal—the dead top branch, clear of all leaves, of a tall oak in the hedgerow. The mate of the only other cock interested in that field had a nest as near to the perch of the first cock as one of that successful bird's own wives. In spite of careful observation, we could not see that the second cock, whose perch was a telegraph wire, had other matrimonial interests.

A nest may be close to a hedge or far out in the field. When building, the hen is not shy. Carefully she selects her material, and, having acquired a long, dry stalk of grass, perhaps from the roadside, away she flies with it straight to the place where she is building. The cock sings and watches from an adjacent perch. At this time, before the eggs are laid, it is perhaps more easy to mark the spot than at any other, until the young are hatched. When finished, the nest is neatly bowl-shaped; but the rim becomes flattened with use.

Perhaps the most puzzling time to the watcher in a colony of corn-buntings comes in the latter half of July, when the presence among the corn of young birds out of the nest but waiting to be fed is added to the complication caused by the second layings of some of the numerous hens. To explore every place to which the birds drop is then impossible: even if the crop is a poor one and we have the farmer's permission. All the time the cocks continue to flit with angled wings and hanging legs from perch to perch, accompanying the hens for short distances, chasing them to the nest if necessary, then returning to the perch to sing. Very seldom does a cock share his wife's work, and soon tires; half an hour of feeding babies is as long as he can stand.

Sometimes a hen will drop straight to the rim of a nest of eager youngsters. More often she alights on a thistle, or stalk of corn, drops down, and rustles through the weeds for the last foot or two.

Small green caterpillars of the Cabbage White butterfly form a favourite food; but numbers of earwigs, crane flies and moths are also brought. Beneath the perches of the cocks I have often seen the wings of moths, including those of the Tiger



WITH NEST AND YOUNG



THE SPREAD TAIL



CORN-BUNTING WITH MOTH AND OTHER GRUBS

moth. Excrement from the young is sometimes swallowed, but more often is carried away to be dropped.

After a shower of rain on a warm day, I watched a hen corn-bunting quietly leave her nest and fly to a freshly formed puddle, where she splashed and enjoyed herself for more than a minute.

The hens do not sing, but at the end of her mate's song I have seen and heard a hen repeat the slow, metallic notes with



"A CONSPICUOUS PERCH ON WHICH TO DISPLAY HIS SOMEWHAT INELEGANT FORM"

which the cocks often begin their songs. Near to the nest the hens will call "Chit, chit," repeatedly if excited; and they have also a quieter guttural note to the young. Both birds call "Ze-ip, ze-ip" when uneasy; and when really alarmed the note becomes louder and sharper—"Zip, zip."

With the nesting season of birds almost gone for another year, some hours with corn-buntings can still be exceedingly interesting on a warm day in July or early August.

TWO BAD YEARS: A FISHING PARALLEL

ONE advantage of keeping a diary is that it tends to fix events in one's mind, and I have been conscious at various times during the past season that history was repeating itself, although I had not actually verified the fact by referring back.

Now that the fishing season of 1938 has gone unhonoured, unlamented, into the grave of time, I have looked up my angling record for 1929, and find a truly astonishing resemblance between these two years, the worst in the Tamar and Tavy in the whole of my experience, which goes back with certain breaks to 1910.

The weather of early spring provides the first parallel. In both cases February was abnormally dry, and rivers were practically at summer level in March. In April the resemblance is even more exact. In 1929 I wrote: "An impossible month, no rain at all [I had no gauge then], cold, with north and east winds, and frost most nights. Tavy dead low, and never once rose." In 1938 this is how I described the weather: "Very dry; little drizzle on three days only, total fall 0.15 in., the smallest in any month since I started keeping a record. Good deal of frost, and wind almost invariably either north or east. Tavy at summer level all month." Could the parallel be more exact?

The two Mays were also not dissimilar. In 1929 we had the first spate of the season on May 5th, while in 1938 it was on the 14th, and in each case after the weather broke the rest of the month provided good fishing water. The Junes also resembled each other in that there was a big spate or two during the first week, something we always pray for, because May and June is the period when our largest runs should take place, and in years like 1932, '33 and '34, when the estuary was full of salmon, we had no timely June floods to bring them up-river. Indeed, in recent years it has been most remarkable how either we have had plenty of fish and no water, or plenty of water and very few fish.

Again, in July there are points of resemblance, for in each year there was a flood on the 6th. In August the weather in both years was very similar. Of 1929 my diary relates: "Month opened very wet. Spates on 1st and 3rd, the latter the biggest rise for the season, over 5ft." In 1938 this is what I put down: "A wet month; flood late on the 1st, and then an 8ft. rise, the largest for the season, on the 4th. River high all month."

September carried on the likeness. In 1929 it was hot and dry, with only a little rain on the last two days. In 1938 the first half was very dry, then wet from the 17th-19th, and dry again until the 29th. The two Octobers continued the parallel. In 1929 the Tavy rose 12ft. on the night of the 4th-5th, and was in frequent spate. This year I entered in my diary: "Very wet indeed, over 5ins. of rain and six big floods in the first fortnight." The season now ends on October 15th, whereas in 1929 it continued until November 2nd.

I think it would be very difficult to find two years in which the weather for seven and a half months bears so close a resemblance, especially when one considers that spring droughts which last from the end of January until well into May are most unusual.

Now what of the fishing? I have already stated that they were the two worst years in living memory. In 1929 not a single salmon was killed in the Tavy in either March or April. In 1938 one was caught in March and two in April. May, 1929, provided fifteen, against only six this year, but from June, 1938, went ahead, and the season's catch for rods was about fifty-four against some thirty-seven in 1929. The Tamar-Tavy nets had 852 in 1938, about 30 per cent. of the ten-year average, but about two and a half times as many as the 358 in 1929.

And last, perhaps as a sort of "rainbow" promising that the worst is over, in each year there was an immense number of smolts going seawards in April. In 1929 I wrote: "Very large numbers of smolts in lower reaches of Tamar and Tavy—a good augury for 1931." That was one prophecy which came true! In these rivers 1931 was the record year for rods, because very large runs of salmon coincided with wonderful fishing weather which continued with hardly a break from the beginning of April until mid-September. Never have I seen so many salmon in these streams, and the rod catch reached 684, a figure never approached, and over twelve times as many as in 1929!

Actually we began to reap the benefit of this large smolt migration in 1930, which was the best grilse year I ever remember. Let us hope that the many smolts of 1938 will have as happy results in 1939 and 1940. It is high time our luck changed, and the "darkest hour which precedes the dawn" would very well describe 1938.

WEST COUNTRY.

GEORGIAN AND MODERN

A HOUSE IN EAST SUSSEX, DESIGNED BY MR. H. T. B. BARNARD



THE ENTRANCE FRONT FROM THE FORECOURT

SO persistently is the term "modern" applied to what is called present-day design, it is time to emphasise that a house in traditional style can also be modern—in the sense of being adapted to the conditions of to-day. Such a house is the one here illustrated, and by way of preface to some description of it, I would hazard the opinion that nine out of ten readers of COUNTRY LIFE would prefer it to most of those other "modern" houses. It is a good, substantial house, dignified, with an excellent plan, and admirably appointed.

A mid-Victorian house formerly occupied the site, but this was so ugly and so badly planned that it could not possibly be altered with any degree of satisfaction. The house, therefore, was pulled down and some of its material used for the new house. In siting and designing this, the architect decided to set it farther back from the south garden in order to improve the lawn, and this also made it possible to utilise the basement and certain outbuildings. At the same time, before the erection of the new house was begun, a general lay-out for the garden was determined. On the north side the entrance drive was laid out so as to take full advantage of existing groups of elms, and one or two good trees were retained within the drive itself; and on this side an old stable building was remodelled and renewed to provide accommodation for three cars.

The client was a bachelor and had definite requirements. The drawing-room, for example, had to be a large, comfortable room, as he would spend most of his time in it. Provision was required for two grand pianos in an alcove, which could be curtained off if necessary. Special attention had to be given to the acoustics, and as the client preferred something less than the normal brightness of piano tone, an acoustic ceiling was installed, this ceiling having been painted and glazed, and the surface pricked out with a brush made of gramophone needles. Further, insulation was required in the bedrooms from the playing of the pianos in the drawing-room, and in the drawing-room from noises in the bedrooms above. This was effected by the provision of independent floor and ceiling joists, each resting on a pad of compressed cork where they take their bearing on the walls, with a clear space between the joists in which a sound-deadening quilt is interlaced and suspended.



DETAIL OF FRONT ELEVATION



THE GARDEN FRONT, FACING ALMOST DUE SOUTH



THE DRAWING-ROOM, PANELLED IN QUEBEC PINE

Further requirements were these. In the library, bookcases had to be provided to take the remaining books, other than music, for which there are bookcases in the alcove in the drawing-room; and in the library as well as in the drawing-room the walls were to be panelled as a good background for the client's pictures (and most successfully this has been done, in Quebec pine, the drawing-room being altogether a delightful room). The dining-room had to be large enough to seat a maximum of eight people at table, and direct access to the garden was required; and the kitchen quarters had to be effectively cut off. In connection with the latter, the main consideration was to provide a servants' hall from which the usual noises, inseparable from its use, would not disturb the occupants of the dining-room, drawing-room or bedrooms. With this end in view, it has been placed in a position where all windows are away from those of the rest of the building. The service lobby, which connects the kitchen quarters with the rest of the house, has been cut off from the passage by a door, and from the dining-room by an additional door. The kitchen was required to be large and airy, cooking being done by an "Esse" cooker, and a radiator provided for winter use.

Upstairs the client's own bedroom, dressing-room and bathroom had to be *en suite*, its dressing-room being capable of being entered from the corridor, so that it could be used as a single room in an emergency, should extra accommodation be needed; the same applying to the dressing-room of the principal guests' bedroom. A smaller double room was required without a dressing-room, as it was considered that the larger single room (bedroom No. 4) could usually be used as a dressing-room in conjunction with bathroom No. 2. A bathroom was to be provided for each of the double rooms, and one to be shared by the occupants of the two single rooms, and in the attic a sewing-room, servants' bathroom, good storage space and tank accommodation were needed, in addition to the servants' bedrooms.

All these various requirements have been met most skilfully by Mr. Barnard. He has evolved a thoroughly workable plan, and at the same time has given the house quiet architectural distinction. Altogether it is a most satisfying house.

RANDAL PHILLIPS.



THE LIBRARY FIREPLACE

THE USE AND ABUSE OF THE DEER DOG

A TOPIC FOR THE HIND SHOOTING SEASON



A TYPICAL DEER DOG—WHICH IS GENERALLY OF SHEEP-DOG BREED—IS SEEN ON THE LEFT OF THIS CORROUR PANORAMA

DURING the last century deer dogs were in comparatively common use. St. John tells of them, Augustus Grimble describes their use in "Deerstalking," and later we hear much of them in "The High Tops of Blackmount." Their use has dwindled as has the use of the pointer for grouse, and now there are only a few forests in Scotland where the old order still obtains. The function of the deer dog is fairly obvious. He is used to recover a wounded stag by bringing him to bay so that the rifle may arrive and finish him off. In rarer instances the dog may be sent on a wide circuit to give some beasts his wind and move them in the direction of the rifle. He is usually worked by whistles, in exactly the same way as a sheepdog is worked—in fact, he usually is a sheepdog of some sort or other. The qualifications necessary are speed, tractability, and intelligence—the last being a *sine qua non*—and a sheepdog or a Border collie conforms well to the description. One forest kept a lurcher for many years, and he was said to have done better than any sheepdog, for he developed a habit of pulling down the stag alone and finishing him off with a rat-trap snap at the nape of the neck. Originally a poacher's dog, he was bought for the sum of twelve shillings and sixpence, which he must have earned many times over before he died at the creditable age of fifteen years. He would crawl on his belly when his master crawled, move like a ghost when silence was important, or wait back for hours while the snow piled round him. No scent was too stale, no number of beasts could tempt him to follow a fresh stag. He had another invaluable accomplishment, for when a stag had been killed he would go back at his topmost speed and lead the pony-boy to the spot.

This must have been the Admirable Crichton of all stalking dogs, but any dog that is taken on the hill during the season must possess these attributes to some degree. Many dogs that are used for stalking, however, are left back with the ghillie when a difficult or awkward bit of crawling is in prospect, and remain with the ghillie until the stag is killed.

These, then, are the uses and advantages of the deer dog, and there are still a few who feel that they outweigh the undeniable disadvantages. The late Cameron of Lochiel had no hesitation in saying that every forest should keep a dog, and gives very convincing arguments in their favour—arguments which he himself believed to be incontestable. For various reasons, however, he decided with some regret that the collie was in every way more suited to the purpose than the deerhound.

It is undoubtedly a pleasure to watch a good stalking dog work, just as it is a pleasure to watch a spaniel, or in a different sphere to watch hounds. But there is this essential difference—that before the deer-dog can display to the best advantage his skill and speed there must be a wounded stag, and that is in itself the most unpleasant thing that can happen in a day's stalking.

The story is told, however, of a certain gentleman—the owner of a large forest and a sportsman of note—who became so fond of watching his dog work that he would intentionally wound every stag at which he fired. Then, laying down the rifle with a complacent expression, he would say: "Loose the dog!" and settle himself for a quiet entertainment.

There can be few nowadays who would delight in this sadistic practice, but not a few who unwittingly allow much greater cruelties to take place when their backs are turned. There are those—

proprietors and tenants of deer forests—who necessarily see little or nothing of those forests from the time they leave the lodge at the end of the stalking season until some time the following year, and can therefore have very little idea of the abuses to which it is possible to put their deer dogs during the winter hind shooting.

Many forests do not keep a pony during the winter. The keep of a pony during these extra months will add some £20 to the forest expenses, and a hind half the weight of a good stag is a comparatively easy burden to drag over the roughest of ground. Alternatively, the hind may be cut up *in situ* and the best of the venison carried. Where there is no pony, the stalker will often have the use of an old car during the winter; but where he does not it is fairly certain that too few hinds will be killed in that forest. It is here that the deer dog provides the solution, at the expense of a great deal of unthinkable cruelty.

What the callous gentleman used to do for his own amusement, a lazy or unscrupulous stalker—and let it be said that he represents a very small minority—will do for his own convenience, well knowing that should he exercise due care his misdeeds will never reach the ears of his master.

The stalker is a mile, say, from the lodge, or a mile from the old road on which he has left the car. To avoid the wearisome business of cutting up the hind on the hill, or of dragging her over rough ground, he will intentionally wound a hind in exactly the same way as the gentleman wounded his stags. If it is an up-hill mile he will try to break a fore leg high up at the shoulder, or if down-hill to fracture a hind leg. Immediately after the shot the dog will be loosed, and worked as a sheepdog is worked, by whistles, hustling the wounded beast in the required direction. When the road is reached, or the hind is within easy reach of the larder, the dog will hold her in a place suitable for the stalker to give the *coup de grace* with his knife. Such stalkers seem, for some unaccountable reason, to have the strongest aversion to finishing a beast with the rifle, as it should always be done.

Stalkers who make a habit of this generally give themselves away after a time. One day I took a shot near the march of a certain forest. The stag fell to the shot, but after a moment recovered himself and made away over the march, giving no opportunity for a second shot. The dog was loosed, and brought the stag to bay with very little life in him, half a mile into the next forest. We approached him, and I was raising the rifle to put a shot through his neck when the stalker stopped me, suggesting that the dog should first move the stag nearer to our own ground. I showed my disgust, and asked whether he was in the habit of using the dog for that purpose. He admitted quite frankly that he generally drove a wounded hind, even boasting of the distances he had driven a beast by skilful working, and the amount of labour he had saved himself.

Forest owners who would not for a second tolerate such cruelty in any other sphere must perforce allow this to take place on their land, because it is exceedingly difficult to find definite proof of its incidence.

But it must surely be the duty of the owner or lessee of any forest where stalking dogs are kept to satisfy themselves that the dogs are used for their proper and legitimate purpose only, and that they do not add unnecessarily to the sum of cruelty for sport.

GAVIN MAXWELL.

CORRESPONDENCE

"FARMING RESTORED"

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—The article IV, upon beef and mutton, in COUNTRY LIFE of December 3rd, contains one notable sentence, *viz.*, "Everyone knows that any big increase in the home production of beef and mutton would very quickly break the market." Those of us who are sheep farmers know that the market has broken already. The more sheep we breed, the more prices drop.

I have just made out the annual accounts for a large Herdwick sheep farm on high-lying land which I have been improving for many years—long before subsidies.

In 1937 I sold 876 sheep for £727 14s. 9d. This year, 1938, I have sold 843 sheep for £533 16s. 8d. My wool made £378 14s. 7d. in 1937. This year's clip has made £175 19s. 1d. The drop in wool is a blow; but I complain less about the wool because the 1937 price of 1s. 0½d. was artificially high for Herdwick wool, owing to Government buying for khaki.

As regards number of sheep, it would be easy to stock up still further; but already I sell more than my neighbours and help to swamp the fairs. Herdwicks are bred on cheap land; sold, perforce, as stores in autumn; they make excellent thrivers for small joints in the Lowlands and Midlands. We do not expect high prices. But when my best store lambs make 15s. 6d., and healthy twin lambs 5s. 9d., and best fat lambs at the rate of 6d. per pound, I am entitled to ask the "Restorers" "Cui bono?"—H. B. HEELIS.

THE COMMA BUTTERFLY

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE of November 12th you published a letter from the writer regarding the Comma butterfly (*P. c. album*). (Incidentally, owing to a printing error, the species was favoured with trinomial nomenclature, since the scientific name appeared as "*P. c. album*."") Since writing that letter I have had a third record for the Comma—in Surrey this time. Actually, the butterfly was seen in an orchard at Heath End (between Aldershot and Farnham), which is barely half a mile from the spot where the other two were seen; but the Hants-Surrey border intervenes. Comma No. 3 was seen on October 1st, feeding on rotten pears in company with six Red Admirals (*V. atalanta*), and it was noticed that, though other fallen fruit was available, all seven butterflies appeared to prefer pears; during the not inconsiderable time that the writer spent in the orchard no other fruits were sought.

Captain Dannreuther (hon. editor, South-eastern Union of Scientific Societies) tells me that he counted eleven Commas at Hastings on October 11th.—PETER MICHAEL.

THE THIEF

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—I enclose a snapshot which I hope you will think amusing enough to print. I was walking along the tow-path at Worcester the other day and watching the swans, of which there are always a great many on the river. Just as I was composing a photograph in the finder, the theft occurred: one of the swans looked over into a rowing-boat and saw a neatly packed parcel lying on the bottom of the boat. It was the work of a split second for the parcel to be lifted out and its contents scattered on the water, in the next second to be fought over by every swan on the river; ham sandwiches and other attractive morsels being rapidly shared out. I wonder if the owner guessed where his lunch had gone.—M. W.

A GOOD FIGHT

TO THE EDITOR.
SIR,—The following episode, which I witnessed one day late in November, may interest those who are keen on nature study. The morning was very cold and



THE RUGBY FOOTBALL PLAYER

frosty, being the end of a sequence of hard frosts and bitter weather. The sun was just showing through the murky atmosphere as a pale white disc. While I was pottering in the garden, I was conscious of a sudden squeaking, very urgent and shrill, which reminded me of a large number of mice. I walked quietly to the corner of the garage and saw on the drive at a distance of about eight paces a fight between a weasel and a large rat. The battle was terrific. The rat seemed to be trying to shake off the weasel, but the silent ferocity of the latter was truly dreadful. Most of the time the combatants were locked together, and the general impression was that of a greyish-brown rubber ball bouncing on the hard frosty surface, the rat's tail flicking here and there. The weasel once or twice lost its hold, but this could not be called coming away from its opponent, for all that happened was that the head came back and, with lightning-like quickness, lunged in again. Suddenly the weasel overturned its enemy and immediately ran about four feet, half-dragging, or half-carrying, the rat, which was on its back, showing the whitish under-fur, with the legs kicking and struggling in the air. I was amazed at so small an animal exhibiting such strength.

Somehow the rat recovered, and again the struggle commenced at close quarters; but shortly after, the rat dodged loose and scurried away. The weasel seemed to hesitate for a split second, as if puzzled, and then, with its characteristic weaving and wriggling movement, followed on the rat's trail. The combat lasted about two or three minutes, and the rat squealed the whole time. I could not see a drop of blood on the spot.—D. E. GREEN.

A PET MONGOOSE

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—A pet mongoose is an endless source of entertainment. Inquisitive, and never still for long at a time, he will make a point of searching every nook and cranny of his master's house, and will inevitably get into mischief if he is not watched. A mongoose is almost omnivorous, and eggs form one of his favourite items of diet. His manner of dealing with them is always amusing to watch. Seizing the egg between his forepaws, he throws it with all his might upon the ground, in order to break it and lap up the contents. If the ground is soft and the egg does not break, he soon loses his temper, and redoubles his efforts in a positive frenzy.

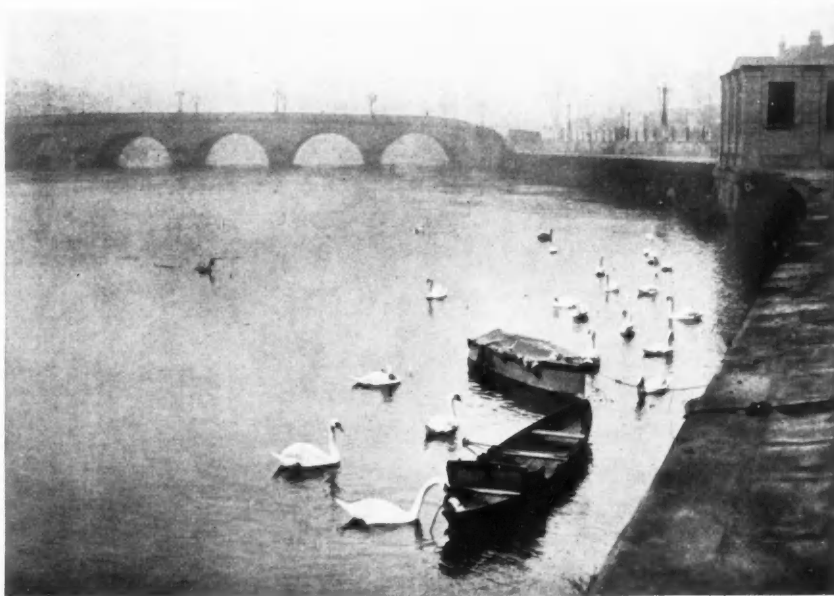
So instinctive is this action, that a mongoose will fling upon the ground almost any small object, such as a piece of india-rubber or a box of matches.

In the accompanying photograph a mongoose is seen about to throw down a genuine egg, his attitude seeming to suggest that he is putting up a prayer that it may break.—E. H. N.

DOGS RETRIEVING SALMON

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—In a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE you published photographs of a dog retrieving fish from the water. I was recently perusing some old literature published in London exactly a hundred years ago, among which I found the following account by a Dr. William Hamilton which I considered of sufficient interest to send to you: "In riding from Portrush to the Giant's Causeway with some company, we had occasion to ford the river Bush near the sea, and as the fishermen were going to haul their net, we stopped to see their success. As soon as the dog perceived the men to move, he instantly ran down the river of his own accord, and took post in the middle of it on some shallows, where he could occasionally run or swim, and in this position he placed himself with all the eagerness and attention so strongly observable in a pointer dog which sets his game. We were for some time at a loss to apprehend his scheme; but the event soon satisfied us, and amply justified the prudence of the animal; for the fish, when they feel the net, always endeavour to make directly out to sea. Accordingly, one of the salmon escaping from the net, rushed down the stream with great velocity towards the ford, where the dog stood to receive him at an advantage. A very diverting chase now commenced, in which, from the shallowness of the water, we could discern the whole track of the fish, with all its rapid turnings and windings. After a smart pursuit the dog found himself left considerably behind in consequence of the water deepening, by which he had been reduced to the necessity of swimming. But instead of following his desperate game any longer, he readily gave it over, and ran with all his speed directly down the river, till he was sure of being again to seaward of the salmon, where he took post as before in his pointer's attitude. Here the fish a second time met him, and a fresh pursuit ensued in which, after various attempts, the salmon at last made its way out to the sea, notwithstanding all the ingenious and vigorous exertions of its pursuer. Though the dog did not succeed at this time, yet I was informed that it was no unusual thing for him to run down his game, and the fishermen assured me that he was of very great advantage to them by turning the salmon towards the net. During the whole of the chase this sagacious animal seemed plainly to have two objects in view; one, to seize his game if possible; and the other, to drive it towards the net when the former failed, each of which he managed with a degree of address and ingenuity extremely interesting and amusing."—

GEO. J. SCHOLEY.



CAUGHT IN THE ACT



SNAKE-PROOF NESTS

THE NESTS ON THE HORNS

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—The enclosed photograph—if sufficiently good for reproduction—may interest some of your bird-loving readers; it is probably of an unique subject.

A pair of white-throated swallows started last year to build a normal nest on the wall of the stoep of Glenferniss, the farm of Mr. John MacGillivray, some miles north of Johannesburg. They were disturbed, however, by marauding snakes, which climbed along a rafter near by. The birds therefore conceived the brilliant idea of building their nest on one point of a koodoo's horns, away from the rafters and the wall. They had trouble with the first brood, and then built another nest on the other point, where they successfully brought off the second. This year they have again occupied the second nest.

A further point of interest is that the eggs are not continuously brooded. The birds have found that the heat under the metal roof during the day is generally sufficient for incubation, and return to the nest only from time to time for a "test sitting," leaving presumably as soon as satisfied that conditions are satisfactory.

The photograph shows clearly the two nests (the near one was the later built) on the points of the horns, and the abortive effort much farther along the wall near the rafter.—
L. HARRISON, Johannesburg.

A BLIND BEAVER

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—Captain Dollman's interesting letter in your issue of December 3rd reminds me of an experience in the Zoological Gardens when I was Superintendent. An old beaver in the enclosure near my house went blind from cataract. The blindness, however, made no difference to his ability to get about the place and behave exactly like his companions, as he had done for several years before the affliction overtook him. He knew every inch of it from his sense of touch and smell. But when the colony was moved to another pond he was quite at sea in his strange surroundings and stayed without moving, huddled up in one corner of the yard, for about a couple of days. The others meanwhile wandered around, exploring everywhere, and as soon as they had made the place smell of "beaver" the blind one started to move and thereafter went about just as if his eyesight was unimpaired. This shows how much more important to some animals are scent and touch than sight.—R. I. POCKOCK.

LIVING BY SALT

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—At first sight the enclosed photograph may appear to be the scene of a volcanic eruption, but actually it is a view of the salt pans at Teguida N'tesoum in the French Niger Colony. The village of Teguida N'tesoum lies on the southern fringe of the desert 100 miles north-west of Agades, the Touareg

capital, on the Algiers-Kano trans-Saharan road.

As the average annual rainfall is something under five inches, cultivation of the barren plains which surround the village is impossible, and the people live entirely by the manufacture of salt, which they sell in the more humid south for grain. Salt is obtained from a low salt-bearing hill near the village, and the photograph shows the pans, which lie in a crater-like depression in the middle of the hill. The pans are of two types. The slightly more elevated ones, the "males," are springs; while the lower, or "female," ones have rock bottoms. Saline earth is placed in the male pans and left for two or three days until the water is saturated with salt. This brine is then transferred to the female ones, where it evaporates to dryness. The salt is sold in the form of 50lb. cakes, of which 5,000 are said to be produced annually.—JAMES DUNDAS.

"THE INSANE ROOT"

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—I am sure you must be inundated with pictures every autumn of curious roots, but even so I cannot forbear to send you this photograph of a potato sprouting.

I do hope you will be able to use it in your Correspondence columns, for I feel that it is too good to be missed.

It seems to need no explanation, but I would point out that the face seems to me to have a beautiful expression.

It is perfectly astonishing that it should have grown two ears and a tail.—TREVOR LEIGHTON.

NOTES FROM NORTH UIST

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—The rainfall for October here was 7.71ins. but the winds were so high that a great deal of it must have been carried over the gauge. November to date—the 13th—has not been any better. Snipe are scarce owing to the extreme wetness of the ground. On November 8th, when crossing over a small island on the "ford," I saw a bird sitting on the grass. At first I took it to be a golden plover, but on a closer view I am sure it was a grey plover. This bird is rare on the west coast, and I have seen it only on two or three occasions—generally single birds. On the 9th, 10th and 11th were noted small flocks of white-fronted geese; none exceeded eleven in a flock. During the last fortnight I have found four dead redwings outside the veranda. They must have been attracted by the light of the sitting-room, which it adjoins. Several great northern divers have been noted, as well as a black-throated diver. Wigeon are still scarce, small lots from six to



A POTATO PORTRAIT

ten being seen. They will arrive doubtless in a week or two. So far I have not seen a single woodcock; but the hill is so wet, it is surprising there is any bird life there at all.—G. B.

THE WOMEN'S INSTITUTES AS COLLECTORS OF HISTORY

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—Perhaps your many readers who belong to Women's Institutes at home may be interested to hear something of an activity of the Women's Institutes of Southern Rhodesia, which have always been awake to the importance of assisting in collecting historical and archaeological records of their country. The founders of the Federation of Women's Institutes of Southern Rhodesia, Mrs. C. E. B. Fripp, M.B.E., and Mrs. J. P. Richardson, have consistently kept before its members the duty of recording and preserving historical information. After his lecture tour (under the auspices of the Beit W. I. Lecture Tours), Professor Dart compiled a memorandum, "The investigation of ancient mining in S. Rhodesia (for the use of W. I.'s)," copies of which were circulated to all branches, and advocated a map in every W. I., on which should be marked all ancient or historical sites, and the keeping of simple notes of locality, measurements, etc., as a guide to future scientific investigators.

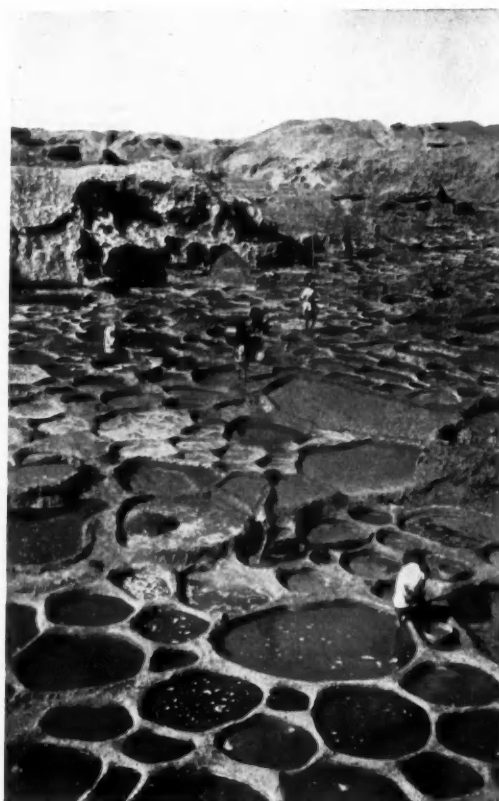
This scheme has not been lost sight of, and individual members are doing good work though, of course, the average W. I. member is not a student of history or archaeology, and needs to be educated as to their values.

Mrs. Fripp further stimulated interest by the offer of silver medals to be competed for each year in respect of the best historical essay on Rhodesian subjects.

In 1936 a resolution was passed at the Annual Congress: "That a member be appointed in every Institute to collect local historical data." This has not brought quite the response expected, but there are steady workers in many places.

For instance, Fort Victoria has fenced the original Fort site and erected a suitable notice, and has been active in pressing for a local museum. Marula has made a collection of interesting local finds, and other institutes have their enthusiastic members. The formation of the Stanley Society recently under the guidance of Mrs. Fripp will give further encouragement to Institute efforts. The Society, which is open to all members of the public, has been formed to study the past and to collect information with regard to the archaeology and history and ethnology of Southern Rhodesia, and will precede or supplement the work of specialists in these subjects.

A good beginning has been made, and it is hoped to make this study an important item of the cultural programme of Federation work. We think that this is a way in which the W. I. may quite definitely serve their own generation and generations yet to come, preserving many links with the past that otherwise must be nobody's affair at present and perhaps lost before anyone else awakes to their importance.—W. J. S.



SALT PANS AT TEGUIDA N'TESOU

GOLF BY BERNARD DARWIN

AT THE YEAR'S END

"THE coming of each New Year's Day brings with it for golfers, as for other people, reflections on the past and resolutions for the future." That is a quotation, but not from any writer of distinction, nor is it, I must admit, particularly well worth recalling. And yet I have a tenderness for it because those are the first words of one of the first articles that I ever wrote. They either saw out the Old Year of 1907 or saluted the New one of 1908. And I will at least say this for them, that they record a truth, perhaps a platitude, as unquestionable now as it was thirty-one years ago.

I find it true even in my own case, which is perhaps rather absurd in me. Why do I make good golfing resolutions when, owing to a confounded physical disability, almost the sum total of my golf consists of knocking a ball about in a field? Why do I formulate to myself theories as to how best to hit the ball, when I am unlikely to practise them on a golf course and they can do me neither good nor harm? Why, indeed? and yet I do. The grass in that field is rather wet and long and apt to hide the ball, and the desire that drives me there is primarily one for exercise rather than for enjoyment. Yet once I have begun I must needs go on, not only until I have hit a few good shots, judged by a most modest standard, but also until I think I know why I have hit them. If this happy consummation is quickly arrived at I take myself indoors and change my wet socks gratefully enough, and, being persuaded that I have found the secret, do not perhaps enter the field again for several days. If, on the other hand, I can light on no such notion, next morning will see me hard at it again, and the next morning after that, until some kindly light shines upon me in the encircling gloom. In short, quite apart from playing, a system of hitting has become a necessity, for which I have a morbid craving as for a drug. How pitiable a state of things is this, and yet, unless I am mistaken, how common among us golfers! Moreover, I am very far from sure that it is an unhappy one. Golfers are always happy and serene during those moments of illusion in which they believe that they know how to drive, and it does not matter two pins that they also know that it is an illusion and that, in any case, they will not be able to put their theory into practice. And so I cannot wish any reader a better New Year's present than this, that on this last day of 1938 he may be wholly convinced that at long last he really does know all about it.

That is a selfish point of view, and, of course, golfers are, or are at any rate accused of being, fundamentally selfish. Let us now survey the past year more generally. It will be long remembered as a good golfing year for one particular reason, that, after many struggles and some humiliations, we won the Walker Cup. With all respect to our professionals, who played magnificently all through the summer and did all manner of wonderful scores, that win, to my mind, puts everything else into the shade. In the course of a golfing year, or, rather, in every second year, there are three matches which—and I am going to be selfish again—I want very much to win. I want Britain to beat America, England to beat Scotland, and Cambridge to beat Oxford. This year, for the first time, all three wishes have been fulfilled. If only Eton could have won the Halford Hewitt Cup, my own cup would have been full indeed; but three wins are good enough, and, of course, by far the greatest of these is the Walker Cup. I cannot help recalling a little sadly one thing in connection with it. When we were beaten again and again in the match, many people used to say that it had far better be given up. I remember so well how this roused that devoted servant of golf Mr. Norman Boase to wrath, and how he said to me that, so far as he was concerned, he would die before it should be given up. Now the match has been won at last, and he died earlier in the year and could not see the victory.

All that can be said about the match has been said. Everybody who was there will have at least one common memory, that of the vast crowd flooding in from the links towards the home green with the match between Mr. Cecil Ewing and Mr. Billows, happy in the knowledge that nothing mattered any longer because Mr. Kyle had won the decisive victory far out in the country. My own particular little memory is of the day before, when I was at once broadcasting from a room overlooking the home green and endeavouring desperately to see the finish of the first and crucially important foursome. By an ironical circumstance, the microphone was teed up at just such a spot that I could not quite see the putting. There was Mr. Bruen trying to hole a putt of several yards for the match—I had my wits just sufficiently about me to realise that—and there was I trying to tell the public about it, and being obliged to creak from

microphone to window and from window to microphone like a man playing a pair of kettledrums. Mr. Bruen did not hole that putt—he may or may not have been half-stymied—but he laid the ball gloriously and stonily dead, and a half of that match was more than good enough. It gave us the lead on the first day, thus vastly brightening our prospects for the second, and the name of Mr. Harry Bentley will always be freshly remembered when we think of it.

Whether we shall win the next match in America or, for that matter, the next one in this country, no one can say; but the effects of that triumph will in any case be enduring. Our amateur golf now stands up and looks as if money were bid for it. It seemed to me that the result was distinctly visible in the play in the International matches at Porthcawl. That most admirable meeting was somewhat overcast; the "crisis" suddenly impended, in particular on the last day, so that England's win over Scotland, after many failures, seemed for the moment flat and unprofitable. Even in these depressing conditions, when thoughts were elsewhere, there was a great deal of very good golf played by all four countries, and the standard seemed to me to have gone decidedly and cheerily up. One may hope, on grounds so infinitely more important than merely golfing ones, that next year's matches will be played in happier circumstances.

THE ASCOT GOLD CUP, 1939

SAVE for the War-time years from 1914 to 1918, the Ascot Gold Cup—the world's most coveted racing trophy—has been run for annually over a course of two and a half miles on the Royal Heath since the first contest in 1807. Owners have always regarded a victory in it as setting the hall-mark upon a Derby winner's fame, but in the whole history of the event only eleven horses have completed the double. Nowadays but few are entered, partly because few of the Epsom heroes of recent years could be guaranteed to stay the distance; chiefly because, in these days of commercialism, owners realise that a win in the Derby entitles them to charge the maximum fee for the services of their horse as a stallion, and that while a victory in the Gold Cup could not add to this, a defeat on the Royal Heath might be detrimental. There are two sides to the question that need not be argued here; the fact remains that the last Derby winner to take the trophy was Persimmon in 1897, and that since then the only other classic winners to score have been the St. Leger victors, Bayardo, Prince Palatine, and Solario. The entry for the forthcoming race is full of possibilities and is one of the most interesting that has been made for years. Mr. Peter Beatty, as might have been expected from such a sportsman, has taken the risk and nominated Bois Roussel; Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, intent on conclusively proving her worthiness to be ranked with Sceptre and Pretty Polly, will be represented by Rockfel; Lord Glanely hopes to go one better with Chulmleigh than he did with this horse's sire, Singapore; Mr. J. V. Rank, a very welcome comer to the bloodstock world, has entered Michoumy and Scottish Union; Legend of France, who won the Victor Wild Stakes and the White Rose Stakes, will carry Mr. Herbert Blagrove's colours; April the Fifth's sister, Sybil, is an entrant, as is Sir Humphrey de Trafford's Portmarnock. These are but a few of the thirty-seven that have paid the 100sovs. entry; if but half of them face the starter on June 15th, it will be one of the finest and most fascinating contests witnessed for years. Personally, though perhaps wrongly, I cannot fancy Scottish Union to get the distance; true, he won the St. Leger over a mile and three-quarters, but then there was no real stayer in the field. Portmarnock has always been thought to be possessed of stamina at his training quarters, but his breeding does not suggest it; Sybil and Legend of France may find that they have hit upon a vintage year. Writing six months and more in advance, the race appears to resolve into a contest between Bois Roussel, Rockfel and Chulmleigh. What a trio of good horses!

By Vatout, son of the Jockey Club Stakes winner, Prince Chimay, Bois Roussel comes from Plucky Liege, a Spearmint mare that has also produced Sir Gallahad III, Bulldog, and Admiral Drake. Bois Roussel's racecourse credentials consist in an easy win in the Derby; his stamina must be taken on trust, but if he runs there need be no doubt as to this, since his owner and trainer have entered Foxglove II, a son of the Gold Cup winner Foxhunter that was victorious in the Gold Vase last season. Rockfel's breeding is equally impressive. Her sire, Felstead, carries a double line of Carbine blood; her dam, Rockliffe, is a granddaughter of the Ascot Gold Cup winner, Santoi, by his son, the Ascot Gold Cup winner, Santorb. On the racecourse Rockfel has done everything that has been asked of her, and following up her wins in the One Thousand Guineas and Oaks, readily scored in the Champion Stakes and the Aintree Derby. No distance or going comes

amiss to her, and she seems to have the beating of Bois Roussel, but will find it a harder task to defeat Chulmleigh. When this five year old of Lord Glanely's won the St. Leger in 1937, he was a very good horse indeed; last season the hard going prevented him from being trained; granted a season free from drought he may come again, and if he does, will make the filly gallop. Singapore, his sire, won the St. Leger of 1930, and was by the triple-crown winner, Gainsborough, who in turn was by the St. Leger and Ascot Gold Cup winner, Bayardo, from the Oaks winner, Rosedrop; his dam Rose of England, won the Oaks of 1930 and was by Teddy from Perce Neige.

For the moment the Gold Cup can be left at that; there will

be many more opportunities to discuss it. Meanwhile there is the opening of racing in the New Year at Manchester and Kempton to consider. As usual, the Northern fixture has the Victory Steeplechase in the Monday's programme and the Victory Hurdle race in that of Tuesday. For the former Sir Francis Towle's fluent jumper, Airgead Sios, must be made first choice, as the two miles of the race is just his distance; for the latter event there are distinct possibilities about Mr. Brandt's well bred five year old, Santayana, who was none too lucky on his last appearance. At Kempton, also on Monday, there will be much interesting racing, and two that are certain to run forward are Mr. Walter Earl's Pedigree in the Oatlands Chase and Dandy Jim in the Twickenham Hurdle race.

ROYSTON.

THE ESTATE MARKET

FINELY RESTORED HOUSES

FAMOUS as the house in which George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends, was arrested in the year 1673, Armscote Manor is a Tudor stone building on the border of Warwickshire and Worcestershire, standing in old English walled gardens. The late Sir Guy Dawber supervised the restoration of the house. Messrs. Hampton and Sons offer the freehold for sale.

George Fox refers to Armscote in his Journal: "We travelled into Worcestershire and went to John Halford's at Armscott, where we had a very large and precious meeting in his barn, the Lord's powerful presence being eminently with and amongst us. After the meeting, as I was sitting in the parlour, discoursing with some Friends, Henry Parker, a Justice, came to the house and took me, and Thomas Lower for company with me; and though he had nothing to lay to our charge, sent us both to Worcester jail, by a strange sort of mittimus." Fourteen months passed before Fox was freed from that, the eighth and last imprisonment which he suffered.

Over the old oak front door of Armscote, as it is now known, are the initials J. H., presumably those of John Halford, Fox's host. The house, which is at Ettington, seven miles from Stratford-on-Avon, is a typical Cotswold building of local stone, which is laid in random courses, having the angles clearly defined by ashlar quoins. Before Captain Yorke commissioned Sir Guy Dawber in 1914 to improve the property, the house had become rather dilapidated, and original features, such as Tudor fireplaces, had been hidden behind nondescript grates. A dining-room and certain domestic offices were added in accordance with the true spirit of old Cotswold building, and the gardens were improved, under the care of Mrs. Yorke, so as to show "formality without austerity."

PERTSHIRE MOORS SOLD

CAPTAIN PERCY WALLACE was the agent for the trustees who have recently sold the Lude estate, Perthshire. The mansion, a little more than a mile from Blair Atholl, stands on high ground, and it has a large walled kitchen garden. The shootings are of 8,800 acres, of which 7,500 acres are grouse moor. A road almost five miles long winds through the moor. From 700 to 800 brace of grouse are shot in an average season. A few red deer can generally be had, as the upper levels of the moor adjoin Glen Tilt deer forest. The bag of grouse has varied a good deal; in 1932 it was 1,297; in 1933, 1,527; in 1934, 1,030; in 1935, 737; in 1936, 1,045; and last year, 540. But for many years the estate has been only lightly shot over, especially when American sportsmen held it, and were able to stay only three or four weeks. Lude includes fishing for the large trout in Loch Moraig, the Garry, the Tilt, and the burns, and a mile of salmon fishing in the Garry. The number of trout taken has been, for example: 1932, 494; 1934, 630; and 1935, 606. About fifty hares and



BEWLEY COURT, LACOCK

forty snipe can be counted upon in an ordinary year. Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. were the agents for the purchaser, Mr. Gordon Gordon. Shearglass, another estate near by, has been bought by Captain W. T. Shaw, M.P.

Sutherlandshire sporting and farming property of 1,200 acres, called Shinness Lodge, with the modern house and its contents, can be sold through the agency of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. Besides shooting and fishing, the estate includes a farm of over 400 acres and thirty small holdings, as well as first-rate woodland.

STANWAY HOUSE TO BE LET

THE magnificent example of Elizabethan architecture, Stanway House, the Gloucestershire seat of the Earl of Wemyss and March, is to be let for five years or more, at £800 a year or, with the shootings, for £1,200 a year, the landlord paying the rates and the wages of two keepers. The tenant would have control of the gardens, and would be responsible for keeping them in order. The shootings will not be available until February, 1940. Stanway is noted for the heavy bag of pheasants, and wild duck. It is well placed for meets of the Cotswold, North Cotswold and Heythrop, and it is nine miles from Cheltenham and Evesham.

Stanway House, built in 1626 by Sir Paul Tracy, is one of the most admired of Elizabethan stone mansions, and the entrance gates have been attributed to Inigo Jones. The gardens exhibit the formal lay-out characteristic of the period, and the wooded hills of the fringe of the Cotswolds form a fine setting for the estate. Messrs. Curtis and Henson are the agents.

To Stanway went a Warwickshire man, Captain Robert Dover, in the reign of James I, and he established the Whitsuntide sports on what consequently came to be called Dover's Hill, near Chipping Campden. Ben Jonson congratulated "my jovial good friend, Mr. Robert Dover, on his great instauration of hunting and dancing at Cotswold." "Annalia Dubrensis; or Celebration of Captain Robert Dover's Cotswold Games," one of the rarest of books, was published in 1636, and gave a poetical account of the sports.

MR. EDWARD HUDSON'S TOWN HOUSE

SIR EDWIN LUTYENS restored No. 15, Queen Anne's Gate for the late Mr. Edward Hudson. Against one front of the house stands the statue of Queen Anne, after whom the street is named. Messrs. Lofts and Warner, in announcing their sale, say that "the statue, with the piece of freehold land on which it stands, was recently presented to the Worshipful Company of Gardeners by its Master, Mr. Ernest Thornton-Smith. It is understood that this statue will in future be under the care of H.M. Office of Works."

Lord Bective wishes to dispose of the twenty-seven years' lease of No. 41, Portman Square, a house which has an electric passenger lift serving all

floors. Messrs. Harrods Estate Offices have the particulars of the offer.

Lord Airlie offers the tenancy of No. 32, Great Cumberland Place, for any term agreeable to a lessee.

One of the fine freeholds in Kensington Square (No. 32) has been bought by a client of Messrs. Chesterton and Sons, the vendor being represented by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley.

Eight groups of flats and a great many garages, in Raymond Road, Wimbledon, are the security for a freehold ground rent of £700 a year, which clients of Messrs. Goddard and Smith have just purchased from vendors for whom Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley acted.

Bewley Court, Lacock, near Chippenham, is a splendidly restored house of thirteenth century origin. It contains magnificent work, also, of fifteenth century date, including a timbered roof, and a minstrels' gallery. The property is for sale or to be let by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley.

READ HALL: SALE FOR £14,000

AFTER keen competition, Read Hall, a beautiful Georgian house and 300 acres, on the main road from Burnley to Preston, was sold for £14,000 to Mr. Samuel Holden of Nelson. Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff conducted the auction. Read Hall was at one time the home of Laurence Nowell, who has been called "the restorer of Saxon literature in England . . . a most diligent searcher into antiquity." The Hall is in the Pendle Forest district, and its appurtenant land was the scene, in 1643, of a battle between the Royalists and the Cromwellians, in which the King's forces, under the Earl of Derby, were driven across the Ribble.

It is said that there are only a dozen available freehold sites in Bournemouth contiguous to the golf links of Queen's Park. Messrs. Fox and Sons are to submit the sites at an auction in Bournemouth on January 12th.

Investment in agricultural land of the highest class continues, and Oxford University, for whom Messrs. Bidwell and Sons head office at Cambridge acted, has just purchased a couple of excellent dairy holdings near Melton Mowbray, known as Hose Grange Farm and Harby Lodge Farm. ARBITER.

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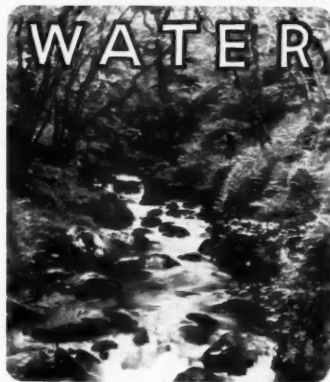
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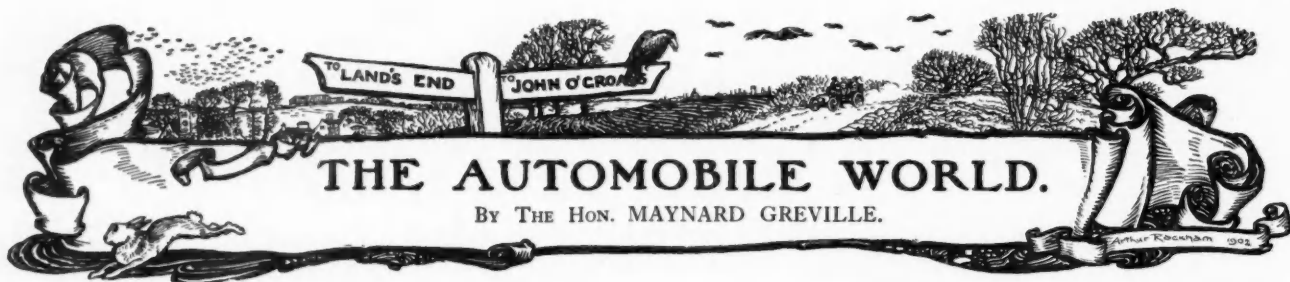
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1939 CARS TESTED—VIII: 16 H.P. ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY COACH SALOON

OF the two new models introduced by the well known firm of Armstrong Siddeley for the 1939 season, the 16 h.p. should prove most popular, as, though it is a roomy family car, it has a brisk performance and its size makes for economical running.

Though I was prepared, when taking charge of this car in London recently, for something rather exceptional, its general performance and behaviour came as a pleasant surprise, as it retained all the old features which have made the name of Armstrong Siddeley famous throughout the world and added to these certain very modern and desirable attributes.

This car has a maximum speed in excess of 70 m.p.h., while the petrol consumption was about twenty-four miles to the gallon with hard driving, and the tax is only £12 per annum. In addition to this there is a large and comfortable body, and the price of the whole is only £380.

The car I had to try was a coach saloon which combined something of the dignity of a limousine without its unsociability. There was, for instance, no division between the driver's compartment and the back of the car, but the front seat was of the single bench type, with a retractable arm-rest to divide driver and passenger.

The luggage compartment at the rear was generous in size, and its lid was arranged to fall into two positions, in the lower of which it acted as a platform for large packages. The spare wheel was carried in the panel of this lid.

The British motorist owes a deep debt of gratitude to the Armstrong Siddeley Company for the pioneering work that they have done on the Wilson type of pre-selective self-changing gear box which has now become a popular feature of many cars in this country. The present Armstrong Siddeley transmission combines an automatic clutch of the centrifugal type with the self-changing gear box, the whole making an extremely simple and very smooth unit.

The 16 h.p. six-cylinder engine is a straightforward piece of work and produces its power in an extremely smooth manner. This characteristic is still further enhanced by the type of transmission used, with the result that to drive this moderate-sized car is rather like being in charge of one of our large luxury limousines.

On the open road, however, it behaves in a really brisk manner, reaching 50 m.p.h. from a standstill in about 15secs., going through the gears, and doing the standing quarter-mile in

SPECIFICATION

Six cylinders, 65mm. bore by 100mm. stroke. Capacity, 1,990 c.c. R.A.C. rating, 15.7 h.p. £12 tax. Overhead valves, push-rod operated. Four-bearing crank shaft. Zenith down-draught carburettor. Twelve volt battery. Four speed pre-selective gear box and automatic clutch. Girling brakes. Weight, unladen, 28cwt. Over-all length, 14ft. 1½ins. Turning circle, 38ft. Coach saloon, £380.

Performance. Tapley Meter

Gear	Gear Ratio	Max. pull lbs. per ton	Gradient climbed
Top	5.1 to 1	500 lbs.	1 in 11.1
3rd	7.24 " 1	300 "	1 " 7.4
2nd	10.67 " 1	420 "	1 " 5.2
1st	18.4 " 1	—	—

Acceleration

M.P.H.	Top	3rd
10 to 30	11.5 sec.	9 sec.
20 to 40	11 "	8 "
30 to 50	11.5 "	9 "

From rest to 30 m.p.h. in 8 seconds
 " " 50 " " 15 "
 " " 60 " " 25.2 "
 Timed maximum speed 72 m.p.h.

Brakes

Feroce-Tapley Meter 10%
 Stop in 15 ft. from 20 m.p.h.
 " " 34 " " 30 "
 " " 92 " " 50 "

about 23½secs. The engine pulls well and smoothly down to very low speeds, the automatic clutch assisting in the smoothness of the performance low down.

As regards other details of the engine, a Zenith down-draught carburettor is used, while a special head is employed which is most effective in preventing pinking on any type of fuel. The cooling has received careful attention, the flow of water being directed at high speed over vital points, such as the valves and plugs. The temperature of the cooling water is looked after by a thermostat.

The four-bearing crank shaft has the latest type of Vandervell thin wall bearings. Incidentally, the box over the rockers for the valves is of most ingenious construction, as it is of skeleton formation and is covered with fabric, with the result that any engine noise is effectively damped out.

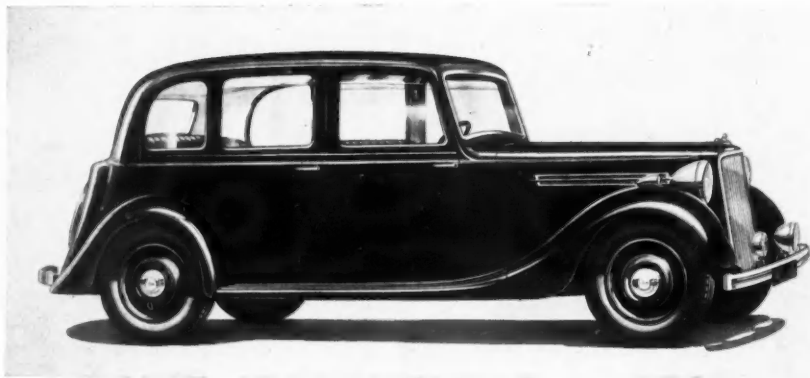
In the present form of Armstrong Siddeley transmission the gear box is built as a unit with the engine, and there is no fly-wheel proper, the whole of the running gear producing a fly-wheel effect. The automatic clutch makes it unnecessary to touch the pedal in the place of the clutch except for changing gear, as below 600 r.p.m. the clutch frees. One of the disadvantages of the epicyclic gear box in the past has been the tendency to hum and whine. This has been completely abolished in the new Armstrong Siddeley gear boxes, which are completely silent on all ratios.

Another interesting feature of the car is the suspension. This consists of half-elliptic springs all round, the camber of which, however, has been reversed. In actual practice this seems to work very well indeed, as the car rides steadily and is very free from roll on corners. There is, however, a slight tendency to pitch fore and aft at speed on the open road, which could, however, probably be stopped quite easily by a little adjustment between the spring periods at the front and rear. In other ways the car is very comfortable and rides excellently over very bad roads and at the same time feels absolutely safe at speed in the open. The steering is of the worm and nut type, and is

light and excellent at speed. The brakes are Girlings, and, as always, these are excellent. The hand brake is of the pistol grip type, so that the floor of the driving compartment is completely unobstructed and the driver is free to get in or out from either side. The finish is excellent, and in the back seats, as in the front, the leg room is good, while the roof gives a good clearance.



THE 16 H.P. CHASSIS



THE 16 H.P. ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY COACH SALOON



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SOLUTION to No. 465

The clues for this appeared in December 24th issue.

CROSSWORDS ETAT
A V U R E R H
P R E S S G A N G S H O S E
E R A T R E P L
A N G O R A C H I N A
O T R D Z C M
F O U N D R Y E W E L A M B
G R E M L E
O A K T R E E C H A P L E T
O E I L U Y H
D R Y A D E N S U R E
H T E G T A A W
O U R S T A R A N T E L L A
P O S N R I T L
E A T S S T U D I O W O R K

ACROSS.

- Financial landslide (four words, 3, 2, 3, 4)
- Before a horse can become supreme, apparently you must write a little paragraph (9)
- Yes, the Navy is there to fill the tender heart's desire (5)
- Shakespeare's description of the Cotswolds: "high wild hills and rough ways" (6)
- It might bear half a responsibility (8)
- London terminus called after a Suffolk village (6)
- The fat was in the fire, by the sound of it (8)
- Belonging to the dawn of time (8)
- Having useful properties for burns, but not producing sun-burn (6)
- Carried by the rank and file? (8)
- What Swift christened Gulliver (6)
- A fat man, by the sound of it, starts addressing the swarm (5)

DOWN.

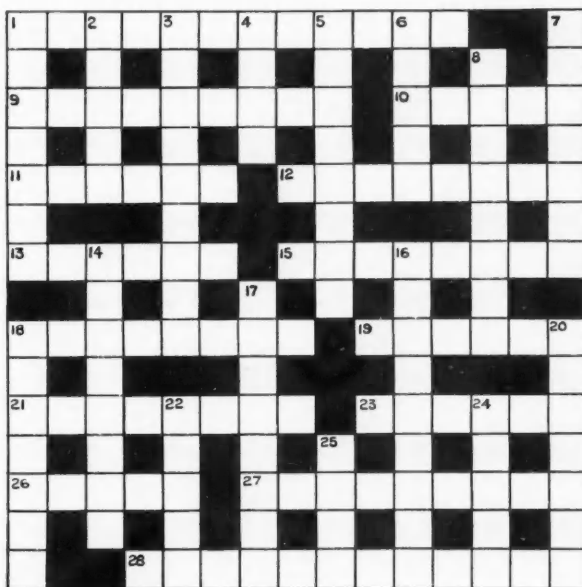
- It carries you away (7)
- "O Caledonia! stern and wild, Meet — for a poetic child!" — Scott (5)
- I come first (two words, 6, 3)
- Lost in April but recovered in October (4)
- A regular shambles (8)
- Kernels go into this cordial (5)
- "Eroding" (anagr.) (7)
- Musical instrument for a man dancer (8)
- Blemished (8)
- "Lame Enoch" (anagr.) (9)
- Laughter-making in play (8)
- Our pals are in a dangerous condition (7)
- Fifty-one chaps, all among the descendants of the Prophet (7)
- "By thy wild and stormy —, Elsinore!" — Campbell (5)
- Stowe's Tom (5)
- Sounds almost as if the door had got stuck in the side of the doorway (4)

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 466

A prize of books to the value of 3 guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 466, COUNTRY LIFE, 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the **first post on the morning of Tuesday, January 3rd, 1939.**

The winner of Crossword No. 465 will be given in next week's issue.

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 466



Name.....

Address.....

A WINTER PANORAMA OF GREATER GERMANY

FIFTY years ago there appeared for the first time in Germany a strange north country lumber shoe. To Herr Finsterli and Dr. Tholus goes the credit for first introducing ski-ing. In 1888 they tried out their new means of braving the snowy defences of the Schliersee and Black Forest respectively.

To-day thousands follow their lead. The most modest clerk and worker of almost every German town enjoys his winter sports throughout the winter, so that travel and hotel accommodation are comfortable and cheap in this country where *gemütlichkeit*—cosy, clean, friendly comfort—is the keynote of existence, no matter what the governmental régime of the day.

The German is fortunate in that hardly any big town is not within easy reach of good winter sports. Conversely, most resorts are conveniently close to some city where shops, concerts, and other entertainments bring a welcome change occasionally. Even Berlin is well served in this way. Twenty-five minutes from the centre good skating and ice yachting can be had on the Rangsdorf Lake, where this year's ice-sailing races come off on February 5th, 12th and 19th. The capital is surrounded with frozen lakes, and huge forests of tall pines with no undergrowth, so that riding and ski-jöring can be enjoyed. A favourite haunt among diplomats and other international visitors to Berlin is Schloss Drosedow, near Wesenberg. For 10s. a day guests enjoy free riding on the famous racing horses trained there, as well as the run of its private lakes, fields and forests, where wild boar and deer may be shot. A little farther off, East Prussia has the best ice-yachting—easily winter's most thrilling sport, though still little known—in Europe. The German and European championships take place at Angerburg on February 25th-26th and March 2nd-5th respectively, when speeds of 90 m.p.h. will be reached. I myself have skimmed over the Rangsdorf Lake at over 65 m.p.h., to learn, on recovering my breath, that it was but a trial run!

Berlin skiers usually make for the Harz Mountains, two-three hours away. The principal summit, the Brocken, owes its fame to Goethe's ode "Journey Through the Harz in Winter," in which he describes his amazement at finding how hot was the sun at the top when he climbed it in December. Even the local inn-keeper had implored him to desist from such a "foolhardy undertaking." After forty-four years, at seventy-two, he still called it "an ideal, well-nigh fantastic undertaking."

Beneath the Brocken's fine ski-fields lies Braunlage, one of the most delightful, combining old-world charm with all that is required for a good holiday in the way of sports and night-life. In really good hotels, with good cooking and central heating, rooms with running water cost about 2s. a day. All this district reminds one of Christmas fairy-tale illustrations, particularly Wernigerode, with its painted mediæval houses. It is an ideal spot for coasting, riding, sleighing, or walking among the snow-covered hills and forests. Other delightful resorts here are Benneckenstein and Schierke, near the Witches' Mountains of Goethe's "Faust." Quedlinburg, Germany's oldest town, and ancient Hamelin, of Pied Piper fame, are quite close.

The cradle of German ski-ing is the Black Forest, favourite centres of which are Freiburg, with good snowfields on the Schauinslad; Feldberg, whence the view

extends from the Rhine Valley to the Alps; picturesque little Lake Titisee; and Triberg, with its lovely falls. But the Black Forest, though blessed with majestic scenery and good snow, is more for the beginner and the timorous. The real sportsman and would-be skier prefers the greater altitudes of the Alps, which now



IN THE VORARLBERG

embrace all the former Austrian resorts.

About the best way of getting to know all that the German Alps can offer is to make one's headquarters at Munich (why does no one seem to know that Munich has about the best botanical gardens in Europe?). The new *Autobahn* brings the Alps so close that Berchtesgaden and Salzburg can be reached in under two hours. At half way you pass Lake Chiemsee. On this island stands the amazing castle of King Ludwig of Bavaria. Two charming villages, where good snow is fairly constant, are by its shores, Ruhpolding and Reit in Winkel. Oberammergau, where the Passion Play actors prove themselves as expert on skis as on the stage; Mittenwald, Tegersee, Schliersee and Bayrisch-Zell are other favourite centres among Munich people.

The 150-mile *Autobahn* ends at Bad Reichenhall. From here the Predigstuhl rises like a wall 1,500ft. above the town. On top, reached by cable railway, there are good hotels and restaurants with wonderful views, and first-class ski-ing. Ten miles farther along the new alpine road, wider than Piccadilly, lies Berchtesgaden, close to Germany's two most lovely and romantic lakes, the Hintersee and Königsee, dominated by the Watzmann, which the boatman will tell you is the hardest climb in Germany. He will show you the Watzmann's "wife and seven children," and tell you how witches and other profiles are formed by the configurations of other ridges, while the chamois and deer watch your boat glide past.

Here we are near the best ski-ing centres. On the German side of the Zugspitz is Garmisch-Partenkirchen, the Reich's Olympic resort. With some of the finest ski-runs, bob-runs and ice stadiums in the world, it is among the best sporting centres in all the Alps. Three mountain railways to Kreuzeck, the Zugspitz and the Wank, with its magnificent views over the Werdenfels Valley and the Wetterstein peaks, enable one to explore the glories of the latter's mighty chain.

On the other side of the Zugspitz lies former Austria, which almost everywhere since the annexation has become more expensive; but it has the advantage of

possessing twelve modern cable railways.

Coming down the Zugspitz, either on skis or swinging in the impressive cable-car, the first Austrian resort is Ehrwald. From here to Innsbruck, "the city of skiers," is a short run. To the west lies the Arlberg, where St. Anton, with less sophisticated Stuben and St. Christoph, has been made famous by Hannes Schneider's ski school; yet farther lies Vorarlberg, where those who do not need smart life and are satisfied with the beauties of nature and comfortable accommodation will like Zürs, Galtür and Körbersee.

The Tyrol has the advantage of possessing not only mountain resorts like Kitzbühel, where the Royal Dukes learned their ski-ing, and Zell, and Gurgl, where the London-derry Cup will be run February 4th-5th. It has also excellent glacier ski-ing at Obergurgl, Vent, and Kühtai.

If you like real peace and solitude amid some of Europe's most grandiose scenery, you must ask the local guides the best trips in the silent Koralpe in Styria, the Samnen group, the Seethaler Alps, or round Turracherhöhe.

In addition to the Harz, the Black Forest and the Alps, scores of comfortable little resorts in Thuringia, Silesia, the Erz, Riesengebirge and the

Bavarian Forest have comfortable *bürgerlich* hotels, cheap, warm and clean. Nearly all have busy winter programmes up till April. Everywhere there are efficient guides and patrols, as well as well run refuge huts, and exploring some of these mountains, still almost unknown outside Germany, is a sheer delight. With the tourist gone the German is at home in winter. Whether you choose a smart or modest resort, the engaging hospitality and the inexpensiveness of German winter sports centres are a tonic after the exaggerated prices prevailing in other countries. Even the cost of the slightly longer journey than to some of the more western centres is compensated by the 60 per cent. reduction on railway tickets.

A. MOURAVIEFF.

SOUTH AFRICA

Probably the most reliable source of information regarding South Africa for intending visitors is the South and East African Year Book and Guide for 1939, published annually by the Union-Castle Line. Issued complete with Atlas at 2s. 6d., this volume is brought up to date each year by local authorities fully conversant with every change in the life of the local peoples. For the tourist it gives every possible information required before planning a visit to the Dominion. Business men will find all the latest figures and statistics, and alterations in laws and regulations which might affect him. There are special sections and articles for naturalists, sportsmen, and invalids, while the would-be settler can see at a glance the conditions which he must expect and the chances he has of making a success.

THE DURBAN CASTLE

The eleventh new liner to be put on the London to South Africa route by the Union-Castle Line leaves London on her maiden voyage to-day (December 31st).

The 17,200-ton *Durban Castle* is a motor liner capable of carrying 200 first-class passengers in cabins taking, one, two or three passengers, and 335 tourist passengers. Her fine accommodation and luxurious furnishing and decoration, make her one of the finest vessels on the route.



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● Surprisingly little is known in this country of Monsieur Lebrun, though he has held his high office for nearly the full term of seven years. The special article in the January STRAND deals fully and authoritatively with his public career and his interesting domestic life.

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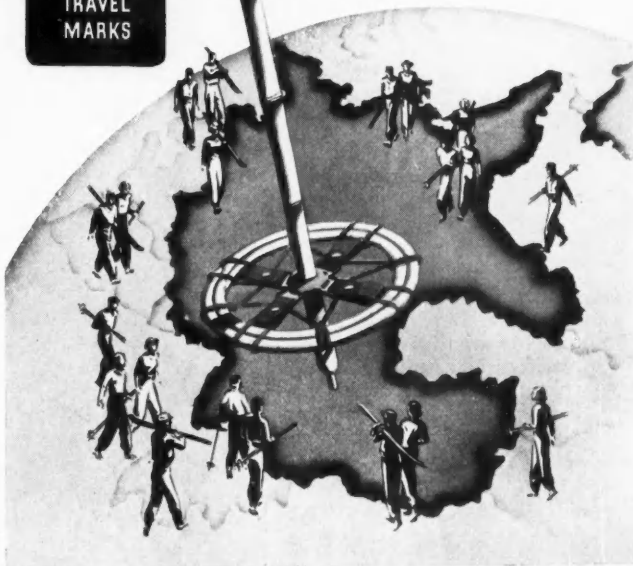
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JANUARY

The GERMAN ALPS

EUROPE'S GREAT CENTRE FOR
Winter Sports

Once more the snowfields of the German Alps and the Bavarian hills are sparkling in winter sunlight. Over 180 Winter Sports resorts are prepared for guests from abroad. All that German ingenuity can devise to smooth their path and increase their comfort and enjoyment has been already done. A system of mountain railways provides easy access to all parts of this vast winter playground. Huts and shelters have been built by the hundred for skiers and climbers. The Hotels and Pensions, although capable of providing any luxury desired, have common standards in all essential things, warmth, cleanliness, comfort and wholesome fare. Competitions are organized in every branch of Winter Sport—ski-ing, skating, sleighing, lugeing, ice hockey, curling, etc. At the day's close, music and dancing, song and laughter precede the dreamless sleep which is the reward of healthy outdoor exercise. Those who no longer care to participate actively in Winter Sports will find a variety of mental recreation in the theatres, concert halls and cafés of the larger resorts. Such a holiday provides an unforgettable experience. Germany's aim will be to win the friendship of each casual visitor and make of him, or her, an annual guest.

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WOMAN TO WOMAN

MUSIC-MAKERS IN PRAGUE—THE "CANNED" AND THE HAND-MADE—THINGS OF BEAUTY FROM THE SPECIAL AREAS—TOYS FOR PETS—IN MEMORY OF THE MAYFLOWER

By THE HON. THEODORA BENSON

ONCE upon a time, late at night, I was walking down a little street in Prague, on my way back to my hotel after sightseeing by moonlight. One house was still lighted up at the far end of the street, and string music flowed out to meet me, the lovely strains of Mozart's G minor quintet. I assumed that it was wireless; no other possibility so much as occurred to me. I quickened my pace, and halted outside the house to enjoy that music, so pure, so poignant, so light. Then I looked in. It wasn't wireless. Inside the shabby little room four men and one woman were playing. There is always something magical about looking from outside, from the dark and cold, at a lighted, warm interior. The enclosed space takes on the quality of a theatre. But this was a special enchantment that I have never forgotten; those five people, with absorbed, almost loving faces, making in this age of canned music such beauty for themselves alone and for love of art.

Always the beautiful hand-done thing still being created in these days of machinery and speed, brings back to me a pang of the emotion I felt then. I got it the other day—not for the first time at such an exhibition—when examining the exquisite hand quilting work done by women in the distressed areas. Those words, "distressed areas," have become a *cliché* through over-familiarity (although they have been renamed "Special Areas"): a literal grasp of their meaning only comes upon one now and then. When I see these particular products, so incongruously fine and delicate, I do have a vivid impression of whole vast districts, existing year after year under grinding distress. I visualise a cottage woman happy to have a quilt in her frame, her husband undertaking the duties of the house while she works, small children maintaining the supply of threaded needles in the cushion beside mother's frame, a neighbouring family even less fortunate knowing that when the quilt is sold the poor will help the poor in calamity. When the parcel of beautiful materials comes to that woman from the depot at 9, Harriet Street, S.W.1, it stands, of course, for a little greatly needed money and many hours of work. It stands also for the knowledge that the distressed people are not quite forgotten, that great houses are thrown open for their exhibitions, and that the highest people in the land buy and delight in the marvellously worked dressing-gowns, cushions and coverlets. For it is impossible not to take pleasure in the unerring skill and taste of this traditional work adapted to modern fashions. To end on a banal note—I cannot think how the depot can sell so cheaply this lovely, intricate hand work that wears so long!

I IMAGINED I had absolutely finished with the toy industry by dealing with the toys bought by adults for themselves as well as the toys desired by children! But not at all. Here comes a sneaking anonymous letter accusing me of injustice!

"DEAR MISS BENSON,—I am a great admirer of COUNTRY LIFE, including your page. But I am shocked that you, who have so often manifested a keen interest in animals, should so unkindly have ignored the claims of our (if I may coin a phrase) dumb friends when dealing so exhaustively with present-day taste in toys. Surely modern sophisticated pets are being catered for?"

"Yours sincerely,
"A WELL-WISHER."

Thoroughly stung by this stab, I have now got the entire subject at my finger-tips.

Pet birds have toys. The "modern sophisticated" budgerigars have especially versatile tastes. British factories turn out vast quantities of little bells for them. Moreover, they are very partial to a smart new production, a coloured ball which rattles. Tiny round mirrors which clip on the cage are a welcome birthday offering to a budgerigar. And some of them are presented with life-size, realistic, imitation birds as silent partners; in fact, with bird-dolls. A grouchy, jealous or egotistic budgerigar much prefers this sort of partner to the real thing; and there is a great deal to be said for the point of view.

Dogs, of course, have rubber bones and biscuits, and many of them continue to be extremely fond of balls (generally referred to in their presence as "ball-ies": but, of course, you know the dialect). Then they have a rather sadistic toy, a rubber cat's head that squeaks piercingly when bitten. However, these are presumably not worse for canine characters than toy soldiers and cannons are for children. And everyone knows you can't keep children off them!

I AM interested to learn that in Rotherhithe, a very poor district of London south of the river, they are going to start a co-educational school. One had thought—perhaps I should come out into the open and say that I had thought—of co-education as being still a scheme for the cultured, well-to-do and slightly cranky, although I thought of it as being in itself a good thing with great possibilities, but, of course, it has been the vogue in elementary schools for years. I am eager to see how it will work out in Rotherhithe. I do know, which seems relevant to the subject, that one of the great works done by the social clubs in the East End has been promoting ordinary friendly relations between young men and women. A friend of mine in the Isle of Dogs told me that, years ago, when they first started giving dances, the boys and girls were far too shy to dance with each other. The girls danced together and so did the boys. When the sexes could be induced to speak to each other it merely resulted in mad attacks of giggles and in the slinging about of jelly. Later they learnt to dance with each other quite happily and naturally, but never talked together between dances, separating immediately the music stopped. Now they can not only dance, they can even converse without embarrassment or rowdiness, and no one throws jelly at all! This evolution seems to me to support the idea of co-education.

To return to Rotherhithe, it is an interesting district, packed with historical stories commemorated by the street names. Rupack Street was named for Prince Lee Boo, son of the Rupack or King of a South Sea island, who lies buried in St. Mary's Churchyard near by. Mayflower Street is so called because the *Mayflower* (one of the world's most famous ships, I suppose!) was owned and manned by Rotherhithe men. The captain, Christopher Jones, was buried at St. Mary's, too. And now, here is a suggestion (other papers, please copy!). This historical church is in a sad state of disrepair, and funds for its restoration are greatly needed. If everyone descended from that shipload who went to America in the *Mayflower* would send, say, £1, or \$5, to the Rector, that church could be restored extremely rapidly, and the list of subscribers' names would be published in gratitude and memory. There are certainly plenty of people by now who are products of that crossing!



Quilting from the Special Areas Exhibition at 10, Downing St.

by Frances Lovell



Bells—bells—and more bells. This slimly cut soft woollen frock has a little red suede belt with jingling golden bells

FASHION FAIR

*HAPPY NEW DRESS
YEAR!*

“**A** HAPPY New Year to you!” And my own greeting must take the form of a survey of the fashion dictates for the beginning of it at least. By way of commencement from the top-knot, you’ll be amused to know that those of you who simply cannot get to your favourite hairdresser as often as your heads demand, may choose “snoods” at Marjorie Castle, positively guaranteed to keep Gaston’s or Alphonse’s *coiffure* in place, or to cover any deficiencies when the evidence of their art has diminished.

HOODS are of almost every variety, from those peaked woollen ones, one colour outside and another, most often scarlet, inside, attached or not to the coat or cape, to the soft angora, or any—yes, literally *any* favourite fur,—leopard lined camel hair like Jaeger’s model, long curly Chinese lamb, mauve grey woolly Siberian lamb, South Polar bear, the white-grey American fox (kolinsky-dyed to the most heavenly shades of violet), huckleberry and deep Burgundy moleskin, natural lynx, mink tail, silver or blue fox. But at least one or two of these hoods should be in every wardrobe, whether for the Alps or motoring from the English countryside to the metropolis.

ACTUAL hats for this Spring will first and foremost be becoming,—feathers, quills, plumes and flowers will all add their feminine appeal; and the veils so popular all the winter will continue to lend those mysterious cloudy effects. Take liberties with yards of veiling during the Spring, wrap it round and round



Checks on the cross—checks on the straight. The perfect example of two piece woollen suit dress in rust check with a smart brown leather belt

YOUR FUTURE FAIREST OF THE FAIR

By cards . . . By hand . . .

By the ancient crystal . . .

the hat and neck, tie a big bow on the top of a crown, trail long ends at the back, use veiling as an important part of headgear, whether of the crisp tulle variety or the softer chiffon! Ink blues, amber, cork greens are among the newer Spring colourings. Apart from the fox scarves so important with suits, remember martin, mink, kolinsky stoles complete with tails!

BLOUSES, perhaps the most difficult part of a Spring wardrobe with which to achieve success fully, may be of light wool, satin, heavy crêpe, Irish linen, or delicate muslin befrilled at throat and wrist, real old lace pleated jabots and ruffles with the severely cut black or navy tailor-made, are both becoming and very *chic*; this effect appeals to the discriminating male, as that of few other day

clothes ever does. Other blouses and shirts are in paler shades of the suit as a rule. For example, the deep storm-grey, so popular this season, may have a paler mauve or blue-grey shirt, a light olive green suit one of a deeper shade, or, by way of contrast to your grey suit, have a several-shades-of-grey stripe round wool pullover. Jersey butter yellow, Cornish cream, mustard, golden rod are a few of the yellows which will be much used this year.

TAILOR-MADES are plain or multi-coloured according to fancy, and many are a combination of check jackets with plain frocks or skirts, usually pleated, and the reverse effect. Top coats have more raglan sleeves and can either hang quite straight or be fitted into the waist and buttoned to the hem. Woollen frocks, sometimes looking like a shirt and skirt by the use of different colours or materials for top and skirt, are more seen than ever before, and certainly save the "blouse" problem. Thresher's have a man-tailored silk yellow and red print dressing-gown of scarf or tie material, which I strongly recommend for those lucky ones travelling to the sunnier climes. It washes like cotton.

STOCKINGS,—and I suspect you have all seen the excellent colour range of both Kayser and Aristoc,—are better than ever. I myself have to admit to being crazy about American stockings, and (I'll risk sounding disloyal!) until this year wore nothing else; but when my salesgirl showed me my particular favourite aluminium and gunmetal this season they were English! I then asked for thin evening toe-less ones, and they were still made in this country,—congratulations to the stocking manufacturers! Be grateful for the fact that our legs can now safely be called well hosed!

AND so to our feet. I'm most impressed by the English *couture* designers who are working in conjunction with manufacturers twice a year. Gene Glenny and John Marlow and Sons of Northampton showed me an array of footwear so smart as to be equally practical and right for every occasion demanded by clothes from collections. Again my hearty congratulations! Nineteen thirty-nine indeed begins the nation's *feet* and *leg* promotion!



What do the cards hold for 1939? For certain, this Schiaparelli blue model its matching belt with two finely made coloured masks to distinguish it from any other



Crystal gazing—into the very depths of 1939—again the delicious tinkle of gilded bells on your soft woolly fancy blue frock!

Your hand holds your future? But the dress helps to shape it! Schiaparelli's royal blue woollen frock sits as well as it stands



The Photographs in "Fashion Fair" this week are by Reimann's Studios, and the Models by Schiaparelli.

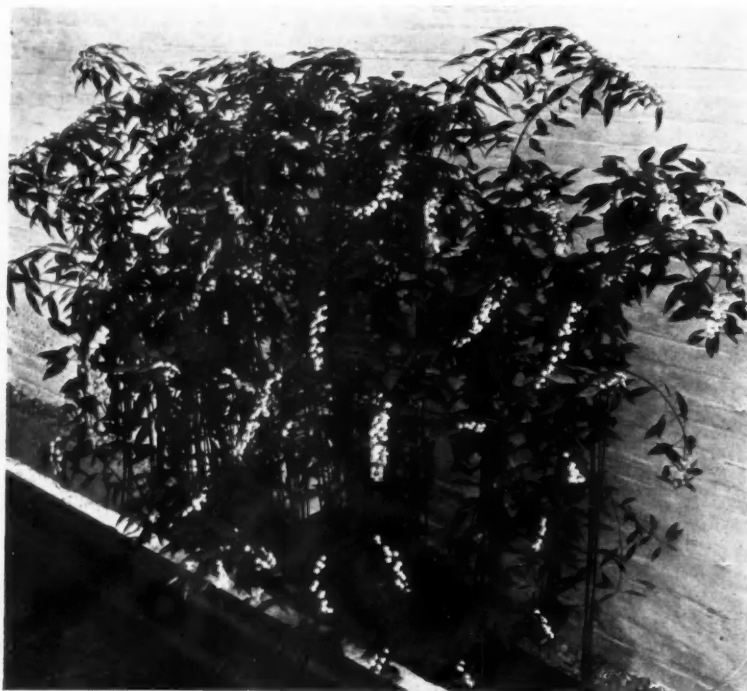
THE GREENHOUSE IN MIDWINTER



THE LOVELY WINTER-FLOWERING BEGONIA EXQUISITE IN ONE OF THE GREENHOUSES AT CLIVEDEN



A DECEMBER DISPLAY OF PRIMULA OBCONICA



THE GRACEFUL EUPHORBIA FULGENS WITH SLENDER ARCHING SPRAYS OF BRICK-RED FLOWERS

THERE is material enough at the disposal of any skilful gardener to ensure a much more attractive display of bloom in his greenhouse at this season than is usually found. Cultivation counts for a good deal in producing flowers in midwinter, but the first thing is to choose the right plants, and, having done this, give them all the care and specialised treatment possible to ensure a brilliant show. To do this one must be familiar with the likes and dislikes of every plant destined to bloom in the winter. In the list of plants mentioned, none presents any great difficulty in cultivation, but they require careful treatment to ensure their blooming at the proper time.

First of all, the Begonias stand very high in the estimation of all who grow winter flowers, perhaps because their bright colours have no equals at this time. The splendid house of the winter-flowering hybrid Exquisite in our illustration is proof enough of their beauty, but apart from this aptly named variety there are many others, such as Elatior, Optima, Baardse's Scarlet, Mrs. John Heal, Orange King, and Scarlet Beauty. Though all these will strive to bloom naturally during November, they can be "slowed up" so that their beauty is at its best in December. Such retarding must be very gentle and only after the buds have formed. The same applies to B. Gloire de Lorraine and its varieties. If grown to the bud-colouring stage and the earliest of these removed, with a slightly lower temperature, the plants will remain in full beauty till January. To add still further to the furnishing of the house, a few of the "Lorraine" type, grown in baskets, will be surprisingly beautiful when, suspended from the roof, their showers of colour helping to cover the nakedness of the roof.

It is perfectly easy to sow *Primula sinensis* and *P. stellata* early enough to have perfectly developed plants by the early days of December; and if the season is a mild one, such as we have just experienced, little artificial heat is necessary. For that reason more attention should be paid to the correct sowing date of both these sorts, which is the last week of March or the first half of April. The same date will suit *P. Kewensis*, a delightful rich yellow cool-house primula which, when in full bloom, is very attractive because there are not many yellow flowers available so late in the year. *Primula obconica* is not often considered as a winter blooming plant, but our illustration, taken only a week or so ago, proves conclusively what a veritable feast of colour this primula affords. Early sowing, unchecked growth, good loamy soil, and plenty of food will build up plants throughout the summer which, if their early buds are picked out, will be covered with rich flowers throughout the winter.

Greenhouse heaths and their near neighbours the Epacris were grown in large quantities by the old-time gardener because they were such splendid flowering subjects around Christmas-time, but now it is left to the trade grower to do this. A great pity, indeed, that these lovely plants should be so seldom seen in private gardens, because they are most certainly a December flower. Bouvardias are another instance of the same kind of thing—a wonderfully popular plant a decade ago and could still be an important one. The Camellia has also fallen from grace in the same way, but it is gradually being given a well deserved place in the winter greenhouse again. The loss of some old subjects has, however, been made up by the improvement of certain strains of universally grown species. One particular example is the Cyclamen, a plant which has undergone such intensive selection and hybridisation that it is better to-day than it has ever been, both in size and strength, flowering capabilities and range of colouring.

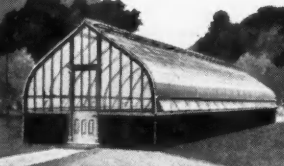
The most brilliant colour found in the December greenhouse is the Poinsettia (*Euphorbia pulcherrima*), especially if the bracts surmounting a well grown plant are highly coloured and eight inches to a foot across. Culture alone will ensure this, and the gardener who, while obtaining a broad, highly coloured bract, also keeps the whole of the foliage on the plants will find them far more useful than if the lower part of the stems are leafless. *Euphorbia fulgens* was another plant which almost died out in private gardens, but since its revival as a market flower, many owners of gardens have grown it again. Such a lovely thing with its sprays of scarlet is too attractive to be ignored. Both these Euphorbias are warm-house subjects.

The two winter-flowering Coleus, *C. Fredericii* and *C. thyrsoideus*, both blue, the former dark and the latter light, are worthy of an important place in December, for both are quite easy to grow, either from cuttings or seeds.

Azaleas of the indica group, if required for December, should be prepared a year previously, picking out those which bloomed earliest, giving them extra good treatment during spring and summer to ensure the development of the new buds. These azaleas will only force into bloom if they have had reasonable time to allow for a short rest following this bud development. Acacias, if kept from year to year and treated generously during summer, can also be made to flower in December, especially *D. dealbata* and *D. armata*. To all these things may be added bulbs in large variety.

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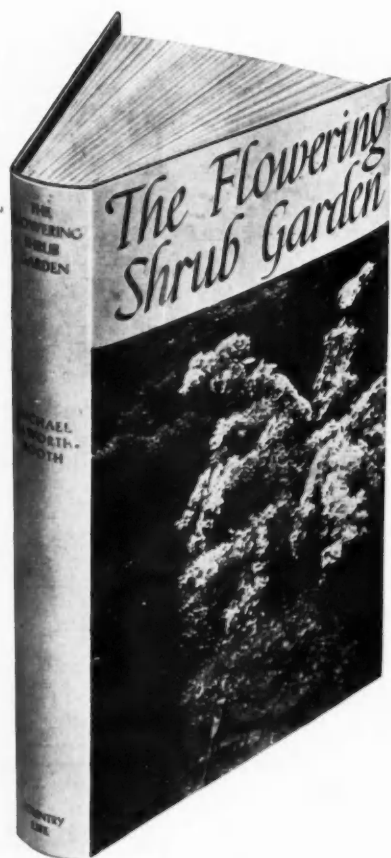
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The Flowering Shrub Garden



by
Michael Haworth-Booth

**Its design, cultivation
and maintenance**

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